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AMONG THE FARMERS.

"SPEED THE PLOW."

Correspondence on practical agricultural topics is solicited. Address all communications intended for this department to HENRY D. HAMMOND, Agricultural Editor Oxford Democrat, Paris, Me.

OCTOBER CROP BULLETIN.

GENERAL SUMMARY, AND REPORTS FROM OXFORD COUNTY.

In the beginning of the season we found our farmers with an abundant supply of hay and other fodder to carry their stock well out to pasture, with fields in fine condition, not having been at all injured by the winter. The prospects for fruit were never better, and the amount of land planted and sown was seldom equalled. These favorable prospects continued through the spring months and the first indication of any reverses was when the apples began to fall in some places, and corn failed to come in others, but with the continued fine weather of the summer and early fall we are able to announce an abundant harvest of nearly all crops. No severe drouths have prevailed and no severe winds or storms over any great extent. The hay crop is again abundant, and except in sections where rains were frequent in the early part of July, has been stored in fine condition. Grain suffered slightly from rust, and is somewhat lighter than usual, but there is an abundance of straw. Corn came along rapidly after the first of July, and the yield, both of sweet and yellow, is far ahead of the average. Potatoes started well in spring and have made a continuous growth, unaffected by depredations from rust or beetles. More advanced methods have been reported from all sections of the state, and it is safe to say that farmers are now better supplied with the crops usually grown upon our farms than in any previous season. The large quantity of corn fodder has been stored largely in silos, and when fed with the mixed grains will materially increase our stock fodders. In order to get at condition of the crops at this time, the following list of questions was sent out:

1. Yield of sweet and yellow corn as compared with last year?
2. Any damage done by early fall frosts?
3. Yield of potatoes as compared with last year?
4. Any serious damage reported from rot either before or after digging, and if so what varieties suffer most?
5. Has the rust affected the potatoes to any great extent, and if so to what varieties?
6. If you have known of the use of Bordeaux mixture as a rust preventive, please report full results, including if possible the effect on the yield?
7. Condition and quantity of fruit, as compared with an average year?
8. Give market price of corn, potatoes, hay, apples, cream, butter or any other farm crop sold?
9. Is the number of dairy cows increasing or decreasing in your locality?

We have received 155 replies and make the summary from them as follows:

From questions 1 and 2 we learn that the crop of sweet and yellow corn was far above an average, and as there was no frost until September 26th, there was no damage from that source.

Replies to question 3 show that, with the exception of a few localities, the yield is less than last year, with a slight tendency to rot in some cases. The rust held off unusually late and but little damage is reported from it. The replies to question 6 show that but very few have used the Bordeaux mixture and those who have, are in some cases uncertain as to the results, mainly, we think, because it was not used early enough in the season.

Seventy replies give an average for quantity and quality of fruit, fifty less than an average, and thirty-five more than an average.

Many correspondents speak of the fine coloring of the winter varieties, and it is fair to assume that the yield will be far ahead of the expectations of the most sanguine, a few months ago, and that a fair price will be obtained for all of the winter fruit.

EAST HIRAM.

In making our last contribution for the season of 1894 for the crop bulletin, we are compelled to say that we have not realized our hopes at the beginning of the season. As we stated in the earlier part of the season our apple crop is almost an entire failure, which makes quite a difference in our receipts, but as a whole the season has not been without its benefits, and our faith in good farming is not shaken in the least, and we feel to say in the words of Christian in Pilgrim's Progress when he wrestled with Apollyon, "Rejoice not over me, O mine enemy, for though I fall yet I shall rise again." We have got our silo full of choice corn fodder and are waiting for it to settle. And right here let me say that the remarks of Brother Fernald with regard to the Z Breed Cultivator and Weeder express my ideas to a letter. I think ours paid for itself this season, and I think I should be safe in advising all good farmers to buy one and use it according to directions, and I am sure it will give satisfaction. I have enjoyed the Bulletins very much this season, and although it is very trying to my native modesty to see my name in print, I am glad to help in my humble way. So turn down the foot lights and let the curtain fall over the season of 1894.

A. K. P. GOOGINS.

HIRAM.

I have had no experience in sowing nitrate of soda as a top dressing for grass. Neither with the Bordeaux mixture for rust, or the windmill as a means for furnishing a supply of water for buildings on the farm but am inclined to the opinion that all of such things will come into use sooner or later on the farm. The season of '94 has been a peculiar season in many respects, but after all fully an average harvest has been secured to the diligent husbandman.

OLIVER ALLEN.

DENMARK.

Crops of all kinds, but apples, in this section are better than an average, and apples in my opinion, based on observation and experience, will never be a full crop until farmers treat their orchards differently. We must manure, prune, plough and cultivate them the same as we do other crops, then spray them properly and I contend we can raise good fruits, and such fruit always pays for all trouble and expense. You see, brother farmers, I am a firm believer in fruit raising where the locations and soil are favorable. CHARLES B. SMITH.

OXFORD.

On the whole, the present season has been a favorable one. The hay crop in general has been a heavy one. Corn, both sweet and yellow has been exceptionally good. Grain fairly so. Potatoes yielding well and quite free from rot. Early in the season the prospects of an abundant fruit crop were very marked; later, apples, in particular, dropped badly, but now enough remains to ensure a very good yield of good quality. Many have cut bushes in pastures, cleared fields of rocks, and otherwise added permanent improvements. There is a very marked increase in number of dairy cows in this vicinity, and much care and close attention is being given to the selection and management of stock. In fact, there is a noticeable improvement along the whole line of farm work. The Bulletin has been of much value to the farmer, and each year its field of utility will enlarge.

E. L. TORREY.

PARIS.

Have no experience with nitrate of soda as a top dressing for grass nor with Bordeaux mixture as a rust preventive but shall be glad to hear of others' experience through the Bulletin. Grass lands are looking remarkably well for the season. No fields burned by drouth and but little destruction by the grub worm. In summing up for the season am able to say a good hay crop, a remarkable yield of corn both sweet and yellow, an average in grains, potatoes and apples, and if the convening legislature will see to it that we don't have to harvest more than our share of taxation, we can as farmers, the better enjoy the fruits of our labors.

HARRY FARRAR.

SOUTH WATERFORD.

Sweet corn which is the principal market crop grown in this vicinity has yielded well this season, the average yield will be $60 to the acre and quite a number have produced $80 to the acre. I have not used nitrate of soda as a top dressing for grass but have sown it broadcast on ground that I planted to corn and was much pleased with the result. I would like to hear from others in regard to it. I would like to learn the best method of working ground for a corn crop next year that is full of witch grass.

C. S. HAMLIN.

[NOTE—We would not plow until as late as possible now, before planting. Would plow pretty deep and by good fertilization endeavor to get the corn well started before the witch grass begins to grow, then by frequent cultivation would keep the witch grass down as much as possible. If the land could have been plowed soon after haying and frequently cultivated from that time until late this fall, then plowed again early and cultivated often until time to plant, there would have been much less witch grass. One season of this treatment will often entirely kill it.—Secretary.]

PARIS.

With the exception of apples the crops are nearly all harvested and the farmers of Paris should feel well satisfied with their summer's work and crops. As there are two corn factories in town, nearly all the corn is planted for the factory, which has been the best for years and is the farmers' best crop, excepting hay. Why should not the farmers feel contented and happy with their barns filled with hay, corn fodder and grain, with a good stock of cows and not too many horses and sheep to go into winter quarters, with prices good for what he has to sell? H. D. HAMMOND.

POREER.

This has been a remarkable year for corn, both sweet and yellow, at least 60 per cent better than last year. First frost to do any damage Sept. 26th. Our potato crop is fine in quality and big in quantity; at least 50 per cent better than last year. No serious damage by rot before or after digging. Rust has not affected them to any extent. I know of no one using the Bordeaux mixture. Fruit is some 30 per cent off from a full crop. Number of dairy cows are on the increase. A. H. MASON.

SWEDEN.

The yield of sweet corn was good in this section; I had three and one-half acres raised exclusively on phosphate for which I received $180.60; I had another acre raised on barn manure twenty loads to the acre, for which I received $64.57. I also have three and one-half acres of yellow corn not husked that seems to be very heavy. My neighbor, Frank Durgin, has raised sixteen acres of sweet corn that averages over $50 an acre. I think we shall have to put in some silos next year. The fruit in this section is fairly good.

S. L. PLUMMER.

RUNAWAY HORSES.

It is asserted that in Russia a horse addicted to the habit of running away has a thin cord with a running noose around his neck at the neckstrap, and the end is tied to the dashboard.

"At Rome," says this informant, "I saw in the Corso a phaeton with two spirited horses bolt. They were driven by a lady, and I expected to see instant destruction. But the lady coolly grasped a thin cord, and within thirty yards the horses came to a full stop. I afterwards met the lady at Nice, and expressed surprise at the skill with which she stopped the runaways. She treated it as a trifle, and told me that accidents from runaway horses are unknown in Russia, as no one but a lunatic would drive without the cord. When a horse bolts he always takes the bit in his teeth, and the skill of the driver is useless. The moment the pressure comes on the wind pipe the horse knows he has met his master."—American Cultivator.

On the subject of hens a boy writes: "Hens is curious animals. They don't have no nose, nor no teeth, nor no ears. They swallow their witties whole and chew it up in their crops inside of 'em. The outside of hens is generally put into pillers and inter feather dusters. The inside of a hen is sometimes filled with marble and shirt buttons and such. A hen is very much smaller than a good many other animals, but they'll dig up more cabbage plants than anything that ain't a hen. Hens is very useful to lay eggs for plum puddings. Skinney Bates eat so much plum pudding once that it sent him inter collery. Hens has got wings and can fly when they get scart. I cut Uncle William's hen's head off with a hatchet, and it scart her to death. Hens sometimes make very fine spring chicken."—Australian Poultry and Dog Gazette.

That Tired Feeling

So common at this season, is a serious condition, liable to lead to disastrous results. It is a sure sign of declining health tone, and that the blood is impoverished and impure. The best and most successful remedy is found in

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

Which makes rich, healthy blood, and thus gives strength to the nerves, elasticity to the muscles, vigor to the brain and health to the whole body. In truth, Hood's Sarsaparilla

Makes the Weak Strong

Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, always reliable and beneficial.

While Jabez Umph of Kalamazoo was milking his brindle cow she was struck by lightning. Her horns, which were perfectly straight, became crumpled, and the pan of milk turned sour. The day following the cow yielded two or three quarts more milk than usual. Jabez puts all the other cows out now when a thunder storm comes up, in hope that their milk production may be similarly increased.

Cruelty is said to be the devil's trade mark and kindness heaven's trade mark.

Any ground that was moist the 10th of September needs draining.

It is estimated that 241,000 men are employed upon truck farms.

High prices of farm crops make little change in the rates for milk.

Dry as it has been the new drains contain running water.

THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the street,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That he seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady! she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For one to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

TIRED OF WOMAN.

What she said was this: "I am sick and tired to death of hearing about Woman!" This somewhat violent expression is not quoted here to be defended, and it does not need contemporary explanation; it merely indicated the cumulative weariness of long-tried patience. And it must not be taken to express too much. Though women are often tired of themselves and of each other, and do not hesitate to say so, this is only a temporary weariness, and does not at all express the feeling of a misogynist towards women generally. Indeed, this woman who is quoted would probably turn with withering rebuke upon any man who should say that the modern world has had about enough of Woman and would like a rest. And the man would meekly admit that rest the world will not have, and rest it does not deserve, this side the grave. No, it is progress and not rest that we need, and that must go on, even to the extent of women forming themselves into a Syndicate, a Woman's Trust for carrying on business independent of the other sex, and dictating terms of partnership. The speaker was not tired of women, but of "hearing" about Woman.

Cannot Woman, she said, be taken for granted? Why should she assert herself, or permit herself to be treated as a separate class? Why this clamor every time she does anything as if it were extraordinary that a human being should have genius or exhibit capacity? Why make such a cackling, like a hen every time she lays an egg? A man does not ask consideration or immunity from criticism for anything he does because he is a man. Why should a woman? The whole attitude is undignified, and a confession of inferiority that enrages me. If I were to take a "double-first," or write a novel, I should be humiliated if I were praised for it like a freak. I am tired of reading about Woman in all the periodicals and newspapers as if she were a newly discovered species. Every journal must have its Woman's Column, its Woman's Doings, its Chat about Woman, its Woman's World, Woman in Society, Woman in the Ocean, Woman in the Pulpit, Woman in Literature, Woman riding down the newspaper columns on a bicycle. And it is announced that this is the Woman's Age, that Woman is in the saddle, that Woman has come to Stay. She seems to want to draw the line, as she did rather effectively at Chicago in a Woman's Building, and to force an antagonism in every department of life. Even in her own periodicals I do not see any column devoted to Man. That might be refreshing reading. Woman! Why, she has borne the whole race for six thousand years, and she has got to bear it along in all the ages; she is the great conservative and really controlling force. I wish they would let her alone. I am sick of all this petty talk about her.

The Study has not felt at liberty to exclude this intemperate language from its impartial pages.—From the "Editor's Study," Harper's Magazine.

WHAT SHE WORE.

She (tearfully)—Why did I miss that train? And I haven't had even a sight of that costume.

He (consolingly)—Never mind, dear. I can tell you just what she wore.

She (rapturously)—O, can you, really? (Doubtfully) Can you, really?

He (importantly)—I can, of course. (Retrospectively) To begin at the beginning, she had on a hat trimmed with some white stuff.

What shape?

Well, really, you couldn't see, it was so loaded down with white.

What was the white stuff?

I didn't take much notice—feathers or flowers, or something like that.

Then the top part of her dress waist, or basque, or whatever it was—(suddenly) what color is that thing over there? Sort of drab, eh? Well, it was like—no, it was more like that. What's that?

She (patiently)—Mauve.

He (indecisively)—I don't know which it was nearer to. I guess it was mauve. The skirt was sort of mud-colored—

She (interrupting)—What do you mean? Mud-colored!

He (loftily)—Yes, mud-colored. I think I should know. (Weakly) Or was it olive-green? Let me see. No, I'm not sure—Yes, yes, of course it was—

She (impatiently)—O, never mind the color. Tell me how it was trimmed.

He (oracularly)—It was cut down the middle, divided skirt style—

She (incredulously)—O—

He (authoritatively)—Let me finish. Wainscoting of some other stuff back of the divide, and a sort of lambrequin katycornered across that. Row of frizzy-me-jigs 'round the skirt at the bottom, and under that a band of crinkly cloth with spots on it. (Magnanimously) There, dear, now you're just as well off as if you'd gone. Don't tell me again that a man never notices what a woman wears.—Truth.

THE RIGHT KIND.

The merchant had arrived at his office as early as 7 o'clock, and five minutes after he got down to his desk a foxy looking, bright faced boy came in. The merchant was reading, and the boy, with his hat off, stood there expectantly, but saying nothing. At the end of two minutes he coughed slightly and spoke.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but I'm in a hurry."

The merchant looked up.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want a job if you've got one for me."

"Oh, do you?" snorted the merchant. "Well, what are you in such a hurry about?"

"I've got to be, that's why," was the sharp response. "I left school yesterday evening to go to work, and I haven't got a place yet, and I can't afford to be wasting time. If you can't do anything for me, say so, and I'll skip. The only place where I can stop long in is the place where they pay me for it."

The merchant looked at the clock.

"When can you come?" he asked.

"I don't have to come," replied the youngster. "I'm here now, and I'd been at work before this if you'd said so."

Half an hour later he was at it, and he's likely to have a job as long as he wants it.—Detroit Free Press.

THE LONE INN

By FERGUS HUME.

[Copyright, 1894, by the Author.]

CHAPTER I.

If there be aught in presentiments, I was well warned by that first glimpse of the inn. The monstrous bulk of gables, sloping roofs and lean chimneys hunched blackly against the sky would have scared a bolder spirit than mine. All day I had walked under blue sky, between green hedgerows, with light scart and whistling lip. Confronted in the twilight by so sinister a scene, I felt qualmish. Ragged clouds dropped their fringes over sullen western red, around spread the salt marshes, evil in their desolation, and I, with chilled blood, stared at the lonely mansion dominating the outlook. Here, thought I, an adventure awaits me. The hour, the house, the scene, hint at romance, and that of the strangest.

So much were my spirits dashed by these ominous environments that it was in my mind to walk the farther 10 miles and shelter for the night at Marshminster. Yet some fate compelled my unwilling feet toward that inhospitable door, and almost before I knew my own mind I was knocking loudly. It opened while my hand was still raised for the final rap, and a handsome woman presented herself to my astonished eyes. What beauty did among the tombs I know not, yet there she smiled. Though handsome, she was not a lady and lacked the undefinable stamp of birth. At the same time she was above the commonality. Not a lady, not a servant, but something between the two. Her appearance confirmed the promise of romance.

"I have walked from Eastbury," said I, cap in hand, "and wish to put up here for the night."

"Marshminster is only 10 miles away," answered she, in nowise disposed to admit me.

"And for that reason I want a bed here. Twenty and more miles walking under a hot sun has wearied me considerably."

"I am sorry we cannot accommodate you, sir."

"This is an inn," I said, glancing at the sign.

"The Fen inn, sir," she replied, still smiling, "and full of guests for the time being."

"Full of guests in this locality! You must then entertain waterfowl, for I have seen no human being for the last 12 miles."

She made no direct answer, but shook her head and prepared to close the door. Piqued by the discourtesy and still more by the mystery of this reception, I was about to insist upon admission when my attention was attracted to a face at the near window. I recognized it as that of a college friend and waved my stick in greeting.

"Hello, Briarfield!" I shouted lustfly. "Come and help me to a night's lodgings."

The girl was surprised by my remark, and, as I thought, changed color. She stepped aside to let Briarfield pass and exhibited further astonishment at the urbanity of our greeting.

"What wind blows you here, Denham?" asked Briarfield, shaking my hand.

"I am on a walking tour," I answered, "and hoped to have reached Marshminster tonight, but as it is 10 miles away and I feel weary I wish to sleep here. This young lady, however, says the inn is full of guests and"——

"Full of guests!" interrrupted Briarfield, looking at the girl. "Nonsense, Rose. I am the only guest here!"

"We expect others, sir," said Rose obstinately.

"You can't expect a sufficient number to fill the house," he retorted. "Surely Mr. Denham can have a bed?"

"I shall ask my father, sir!"

When she disappeared, Briarfield turned to me with a smile and asked a strange question.

"Now, I'll be bound," said he, "that you don't know my first name!"

"Felix."

"No! You are wrong. I am not the rich Felix, but the poor Francis."

"You see the result of being one of twins," said I impatiently. "If at college I could not distinguish between you, how can you expect me to do so now? I haven't seen either you or your brother for at least two years. Where is Felix?"

"At Marshminster."

"And what are you doing here?"

"Ah, that's a long story! If you"——

"Please to walk in, sir," interrupted Rose at this moment. "My father desires to speak with you."

"I have, then, to submit myself to the approval of the landlord," said I and forthwith entered the house, followed by Francis Briarfield.

The landlord, a lean, saturnine man above the common height, saluted me with a sour smile. In appearance and demeanor he was quite in keeping with that dreary inn. About him lurked a Puritanic flavor not ill suited to his somber attire and unctuous speech. He was less like an innkeeper than a smug valet. I mistrusted the man at first sight.

"I can give you supper and a bed, sir," said he, bending his body and rubbing his hands, "neither, I regret to say, of the first quality."

"Never mind," I answered, unstrapping my knapsack. "I am too tired and hungry to be particular."

"We have only lately taken up this house, sir," he continued, still bowing, "and things are a trifle disordered."

I glanced around. Despite the cheerful blaze of a fire, the room had a mildewed look, as though long uninhabited. Traces of hasty cleansing were visible in all corners, and in the dim light filtered through dusty panes the apartment had a singularly uninviting aspect. Again that premonition of misfortune came over me.

"I wonder you took up the house at all," said I. "You won't make your fortune in this locality."

The landlord made no reply, but muttering something about supper left the room. His daughter had already departed, presumably in the direction of the kitchen, and I found myself alone with Francis Briarfield. He was absently looking out at the window and started when I addressed him directly. I augured mystery therefrom.

"What's the meaning of these mysteries?" I asked abruptly. The horror of the place was already influencing my spirits.

"What mysteries?" demanded Briarfield in a listless manner.

"This inn has been uninhabited for some considerable period. A suspicious looking rascal and his pretty daughter have taken up their abode here with no possible chance of getting customers. I stumble on this castle grim in the twilight and find you here—you of all men—whom I believed to be in South America. Don't you call these mysteries?

"If you put it that way, I admit the mysteries, replied Francis, coming toward the fire. "I know little about the inn, still less about the landlord and his daughter. As to myself, I am here by appointment to meet my brother Felix. Came from London to Starby and rode from thence to this inn."

"Why meet him in this murderous looking house?"

"He named the place of meeting himself."

"And you?"

"I only arrived this month in England from South America. I wrote him from London, asking to see him. He appointed this inn as neutral ground for us to meet, so here I am."

"Why neutral ground? Have you quarreled?"

"Bitterly."

"You did so at college," said I, looking steadily at him. "Strange that such ill blood should exist between twin brothers."

"The inevitable woman," said Francis in a harsh tone, quite at variance with his usual soft speech.

"Oh! And her name?"

"Olivia Bellin!"

"I know her. Do you mean to say, Briarfield, that"——

"Hush!" he said, rapidly indicating the door, and there stood the girl Rose listening to our conversation. Her face was pale, and it was evident that the mention of the name had powerfully affected her. Seeing our eyes were on her, she apologized in a low, nervous voice.

"Your pardon, gentlemen," she said, placing a tray on the table. "I did not intend to interrupt your conversation. Allow me to lay the table for supper."

"First show me my room," said I, picking up my knapsack. "I am dusty and wish to give myself a brush up."

Rose nodded and preceded me out of the apartment. I glanced back and saw that Francis had returned to his old post by the window. Evidently he was watching for the arrival of his brother.

"When does Mr. Felix Briarfield arrive?" I asked Rose as we ascended the stairs.

"I don't know the name, sir," she said, with an obvious effort.

"You don't know the name?" I repeated, seeing she was lying, "yet Mr. Francis Briarfield is here to meet his brother."

"It may be so, sir. But I know nothing about it. Mr. Briarfield is a stranger to me, like yourself."

"It is to be hoped you received him more willingly than you did me."

My words fell on the empty air, for after her last remark she hastily departed. I mechanically attended to my wants and wondered what could be the meaning of the girl's attitude.

"She knows Miss Bellin and Felix Briarfield," I thought, "perhaps not personally, but at least their names. She is also aware of the intended visit of Felix to this place. I must find out from Francis the reason of that visit, and it may throw some light on the demeanor of Rose. I am glad I came here tonight, for that landlord is scarcely a person to be trusted. Certainly my presentiment of romance is coming true."

When I descended to the dining room, I found supper laid and Francis impatiently awaiting my arrival. A lamp was lighted, and for the first time I saw his face plainly. The alteration in his looks and demeanor since our college days was astonishing. Felix had always been the graver of the twins, and it was the distinguishing mark between them. Now the livelier spirits of Francis had calmed down to a subdued gravity which made the resemblance between them still greater. We seated ourselves at the table in silence, and he colored as he caught my earnest look.

"You find me altered?" he asked, with manifest discomposure.

"Very much altered and more like Felix than ever."

"I haven't seen him for over a year," said Briarfield abruptly, "so I don't know if the resemblance is still strong."

"It is stronger," I answered emphatically. "I saw Felix two months ago, and now I look at you tonight I can scarcely believe it is Francis and not Felix seated before me."

"We are alike to outward view, Denham, but I hope our natures are different."

"What do you mean?"

"Felix," said he, with marked deliberation, "is a thief, a liar and a dishonorable man."

"You speak strongly."

"I have reason to."

"The before mentioned reason, Briarfield," said I, alluding to the feminine element.

"Yes. By the way," he added feverishly, "you said Miss Bellin was known to you."

"In a casual way only. She is a society beauty, and I have met her once or twice; also her very silly mother. The latter is as remarkable for folly as the former is for beauty. Well, Briarfield, and what about Miss Bellin?"

"I was engaged to her."

"You are engaged to her?"

"I said 'was,'" he replied, with emphasis. "Now she is engaged to my brother."

"Of her own free will?"

"I don't know," said Briarfield. "I really don't know. When I went to Chile, I was her affianced lover. Now I return and learn that she is to marry my brother."

"What explanation does he make?"

"None as yet. Tonight or tomorrow morning he comes here to explain."

"But why here, of all places?"

"Miss Bellin is in Marshminster. Felix is staying there also, and in his letter asked me to see him at the Fen inn, as he wished to explain his conduct fully before I met Olive again."

"And you agreed?"

"As you see."

"In your place," said I meditatively, "I should have gone at once to Marshminster and confronted both. There is some trickery about this."

"You think so?"

"I am by nature suspicious," I answered. "Perhaps too much so. Yes, I think there is some trickery."

Francis frowned and glanced at his watch.

"It is now 8 o'clock," he said, replacing it in his pocket, "too late to go to Marshminster."

"Besides which," I added, "our worthy landlord has doubtless neither trap nor horse."

By this time we had finished supper, and Rose came in to clear away. Thoughtfully filling my pipe, I watched her closely. Undeniably she was a very beautiful woman and ill suited to her present occupation. Why a girl so handsome should bury herself in this lonely inn was a mystery to me. I felt sure that there was a purpose connected with her presence here, and that inimical to Briarfield. The landlord did not make his appearance, which was to me a matter of some relief. I disliked the fellow greatly.

Francis, smoking hard, sat staring at the fire and took no heed of Rose. Once or twice she glanced in his direction and looked as though about to address him. Catching my eye, she bit her lip and desisted. Finally she disappeared from the room, with manifest anger at not having accomplished her design.

"Strange," said I, lighting my pipe.

"What is strange?" asked Briarfield, looking up.

"That girl knows your brother."

"It's not impossible," he answered carelessly. "Felix always had an eye for pretty faces, and as he appointed this inn as a meeting place he has probably been here before. Rose Strent no doubt draws him hither by her beauty."

"That is not a compliment to Miss Bellin."

"I know it. Felix is a profligate scamp and will make her a bad husband. He shall not marry her," added Briarfield angrily. "I say he shall not marry her and make her life miserable. I'll kill him first."

"Man, man, think of what you are saying—your own brother!"

"My own brother—my twin brother," scoffed Francis, "is that any reason why he should take away from me the woman I love?"

"She is not worth regretting if she forgets you so soon."

"She has not forgotten me," he said earnestly. "I assure you, Denham, she loves me still. The last letter I received from her gave no hint that she wearied of me. As you say, there is some trickery about it. I'll have an explanation from Felix," continued he, striking the table with his fist, "or, by heaven, I'll kill him!"

"Where did you meet her?" I asked, ignoring this last remark, which was but idle.

"In town over a year ago," he replied, calming down. "She is, as you know, very beautiful, and her mother wished her to make a great match. I am comfortably off, but have not a title; therefore Mrs. Bellin would not sanction the engagement. Then I had to go to South America on business connected with my property. Before I left she promised to become my wife and swore that nothing should part us or render her false to me. See, here is the ring she gave me," he added, stretching out his hand, "this pearl ring. I was to be back in six months, and our engagement was to be made public. I am back in six months, and the first thing I hear is that she is to marry Felix."

"Did she write and tell you so?"

"No. But Felix did and asked me to meet him here before seeing her."

"Now, I wonder if this apparent treachery of Miss Bellin has anything to do with your twinship?"

"What do you mean?" asked Briarfield, starting up.

"You are so like in appearance," said I, "that no one could tell you apart. You have lived constantly together save for the last six months and know every action of each other's lives. It may be that Felix has passed himself off to Miss Bellin as you."

"Impossible! She would detect the deception."

"I doubt it, save by intuition. I assure you, Briarfield, that the resemblance between you is most perplexing. There is not the slightest difference. You dress the same; you have the same gestures; you almost think the same. It is scarce possible to tell which is which when apart. I thought tonight that you were Felix."

"It cannot be; it cannot be," he muttered feverishly. "Her own heart would tell her the truth."

"Did you tell Felix of your engagement?" I asked abruptly.

"Yes. I told him all."

"And when did you hear last from Miss Bellin?"

"Some three months ago. It was because she did not reply to my letters that I came back so soon."

"To whom were your letters sent?"

"To her, of course."

"Care of Felix?" said I, with instinctive suspicion.

"Why, yes," he said, with a sudden frown. "I did not want Mrs. Bellin to know of our engagement, so did not dare to write openly. Felix undertook to deliver the letters."

"He may have undertaken to do so, but," I added forcibly, "he did not."

"Denham!"

"The whole case is as clear as day," said I. "Felix was in love with Miss Bellin and wished to marry her. Knowing she was in love with you, he was well aware he had no chance, so resorted to trickery. When you left for Chile, he gave her your letters for three months, then, saying he was going abroad, ostensibly left England, but really staid and presented himself as you."

"As me?"

"Yes. He has traded on the marvelous resemblance between you. He knows all your life, all your love affairs, and I have no doubt that Miss Bellin believes that he is Francis Briarfield, her lover, returned from South America in three months instead of six."

"If I thought so," muttered Francis, biting his fingers, "if I thought so"——

"I am sure it is so. Now you see why it is imperative that he should interview you before you meet Miss Bellin. He wishes to reveal the deception and throw himself on your mercy."

"He'll get no mercy from me if this is so," said Briarfield in a somber tone. "Oh, fool that I was not to write direct to Olivia when I came back to England! But it is not too late. When he comes here, I'll learn the truth and denounce him to Olivia. Then our troubles will be over."

"A man capable of such a trick is capable of worse," said I sententiously. "I advise you to be on your guard against Felix."

"Do you think he'll kill me?"

"I don't go as far as that," I replied cautiously, "but your meeting will be—productive of trouble. Just now you expressed a wish to kill nim."

"And I shall if he has tricked me as you say."

"Nonsense, Briarfield, you talk wildly. This matter can surely be settled in a less melodramatic fashion. I am glad I am here, as perhaps you will permit me to be present at the interview."

"Willingly. I know how clever you are, Denham. You may assist me to unmask Felix."

"Do you think he'll come tonight?" said I, going to the window.

"His letter said tonight or tomorrow."

"Then it will be tomorrow. Felix wouldn't risk meeting you at night if he had thus betrayed you. Let us go to bed and tomorrow settle the matter."

At first Francis was unwilling to retire, but when the landlord came to lock up for the night and laughed at the idea of any one coming there from Marshminster he fell in with my desire. Together we went up stairs and parted on the threshold of his room. It was five or six doors away from mine.

"Lock your door," said I as we parted.

"What, do you think I'll be murdered in my sleep?"

"No, but I don't like the inn, and I dislike the face of Strent, the landlord. Besides," I continued, tapping Briarfield's breast, "that girl Rose."

"What about her?"

"She knows Miss Bellin. Good night."

With that I departed, notwithstanding his desire for an explanation of my last words. So wearied was I that despite my suspicions of the inn I speedily fell asleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A GREAT INDUSTRY.

FRUIT CULTURE IN THE GREAT STATE OF COLORADO.

Thousands of Acres Devoted to Orchards and Vineyards—Profits of the Growing Business—A Bright Woman's Observation and Advice.

[Special Correspondence.]

GRAND JUNCTION, Colo., Oct. 25.—Horticulture is one of the coming industries of this great state. When you look about at the extensive and beautifully kept peach orchards of this section, you can scarcely realize that 15 years ago there was hardly an orchard in the whole state. Now there are 45,000 acres in fruit, one-third of which has come to bearing and which yielded last year

A PEAR ORCHARD.

$2,250,000 to the fruitgrowers. On the Pacific slope of Colorado, fruit growing has already become an important industry. The first fruit crop was harvested in 1887, and today the valleys of the Grand river from Glenwood Springs to Grand Junction, of the north fork of the Gunnison from Paonia to Delta and of the Uncompahgre are dotted with thousands of acres devoted to orchards and vineyards.

Where Fruit Reaches Perfection.

This is perhaps the most famous fruit belt of the state. Altitude and soil combine to favor the industry. The altitude ranges from 4,000 to 6,500 feet above sea level. The valleys are protected from the chilling blasts of more exposed regions, while the winds from the Pacific temper the climate far beyond that of equal latitude on the other side of the continental divide.

Snow seldom falls to a depth of 3 inches or lies on the ground a week at a time. Thus all the delicate fruits, peaches, apricots, prunes, nectarines, California grapes and berries of all kinds reach perfection. The soil is of a rich sandy character, full of lime and magnesia, and furnishes its own fertilizer as continued irrigation brings the mineral ingredients to the surface. Then, too, moth and rust have never yet appeared in these valleys. The fruitgrowers are organized to fight insects on their first approach, and blight has never yet touched apples, cherries or pears. From the first settlement on this slope there has never been a failure of the fruit crop.

The heart of this great fruit region is about Grand Junction. The altitude is not so great here, and the general average of the temperature is much higher. Forty, 80 and 160 acre orchards are

ESTABLISHED 1823.

The Oxford Democrat,

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

PARIS, MAINE, OCTOBER 30, 1894.

ATWOOD & FORBES,

Editors and Proprietors.

GEORGE M. ATWOOD. A. E. FORBES.

TERMS:—$1.50 a year if paid strictly in advance. Otherwise $2.00 a year. Single copies 4 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS:—All legal advertisements are given three consecutive insertions for $1.50 per inch in length of column. Special contracts made with local, transient and yearly advertisers.

JOB PRINTING:—New type, fast presses, steam power, experienced workmen and low prices combine to make this department of our business complete and popular.

SINGLE COPIES.

Single Copies of the Democrat are four cents each. They will be mailed on receipt of price by the publishers or for the convenience of patrons single copies of of each issue have been placed on sale at the following places in the County:

South Paris,	Sturtevant's Drug Store.
	Shurtleff's Drug Store.
Norway,	Noyes' Drug Store.
Buckfield,	Alfred Cole, Postmaster.
Fryeburg,	A. F. Lewis, Insurance Office.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Taylor's Fashion Magazine.
Smiley Shoe Store.
Cold Weather is Coming.
Cash Wanted.
Petition for Appointment of Administrator.
Notice of Second Meeting.
Freedom Notice.
Notice on Will.
Commissioners' Notice.
Mrs. Cora S. Briggs.

HERE AND THERE.

The jury in that Portland-Fryeburg slander case decided that the plaintiff had been damaged $217.08 worth. What does a reputation amount to, any way, when a big hole made in it doesn't damage it more than two hundred dollars?

The czar is dead. The czar is a little better. The czar is not dead, but can live but a short time at most. This is the character given to the newspaper reports by the Russian system of press censorship—or rather, its system of suppression of information.

Hon. John S. Wise of Virginia bids fair to rival Ex-Senator Ingalls as a master of sarcasm, if his characterization of Cleveland's cabinet is to be taken as a specimen. Here is what he says of it:

"Cleveland took his secretary of state out of the Republican party and has not yet been able to make him say, 'I am a Democrat.' He found an old Confederate weeping above the grave of Jefferson Davis and made him secretary of the navy. Over his old type-writer he waved his magic wand and transformed him into a secretary of war, while he went into the interior of his own consciousness to evolve a secretary who suggested neither the ice cream of the frozen north nor the mint julep of the sunny South—the sort of a creation they pickle in alcohol—a strange, nameless, Huky poky. Elected as the opponent of the trusts, he selected a trust lawyer as attorney general, and made secretary of the treasury a Democratic statesman, who never owned an unmortgaged dollar in his life."

Two Rockland police officers whose conduct was recently investigated were exonerated from all blame except that they "had talked too much." It isn't the first time by any means that a man has got into trouble on that account.

Police Justice Patrick Divver of New York got into a bar room brawl a few nights since, and came out of it with his countenance somewhat disfigured. He had the grace and good sense to forward his resignation to the mayor immediately. But do you for a moment think that the resignation will be accepted?

The Scarboro marshes are to be turned into a garden, and those vast stretches, which never yet bore a tenderer thing than salt hay, are to blossom like the rose, with all kinds of fruit and "garden sass." This is to be done by ditching and diking, as is done in Holland. The curious part of it is that our Yankees never thought of the idea, but it was suggested by a Nova Scotian, who put it into practical operation on a small scale himself, and demonstrated the feasibility of it.

Enthusiastic bicyclists have spoken of the time when the bicycle rider and the running horse should have their records hung out side by side, but they have always termed their vision "A Glimpse into the Future." Last Wednesday John S. Johnson rode a mile on a bicycle, on a straight course at Buffalo, N. Y., in 1:35 2-5, beating by a tenth of a second the world's record for a running horse. Think of it! A man propelling himself faster than a horse can run! It is the most phenomenal performance of the year.

The Peary expedition steamer Falcon is thought to have been lost at sea, somewhere between Philadelphia and St. Johns, N. F. Three times she had sailed into the Arctic seas, she had been engaged in sealing, and had many times had her qualities severely tested; but now, like the gallant old Kearsarge, she seems to have succumbed to ignoble and inglorious misfortune.

ABERNETHY GROVER.

News has been received of the sickness and death of Maj. Abernethy Grover, who died at Miles City, Montana, Aug. 21, 1894. He had been sick for nearly two years with an enlargement of the liver and kidney trouble. He was confined to his bed but a short time before his death. Since last spring he has had to be helped from his bed to his chair, and sat in it the most of the time.

Maj. Grover was born in Bethel Feb. 21, 1821, and was 73 years and six months old. He was the son of Dr. John and Fanny (Lary) Grover. He fitted for college and graduated from Bowdoin in 1843. After graduating, he taught a year in Gould's Academy, and was then for several years engaged in trade. Then he moved to Albany, built mills and engaged in lumbering, also in clearing land and farming.

In 1851 he represented the district of which Bethel formed a part in the Maine legislature, and in 1856 he was chosen a member of Gov. Wells' council.

When the War of the Rebellion broke out, Maj. Grover recruited a company for the Thirteenth Maine Regiment, which became Company H, and he was appointed captain. He was commissioned major to take rank from April 28, 1862, and was mustered out with the regiment at the close of its term of service, Jan. 6, 1865.

He returned to Bethel, and was engaged in various kinds of business until 1880, when he went west. Under the administration of President Cleveland, Maj. Grover had charge of the land office at Miles City, Montana.

He was married January 26, 1848, to Mary Chase, daughter of Timothy Chapman, who died in 1871, leaving no issue. In 1874 he married Isabel A., daughter of Samuel R. Shehan, who died in 1877. The only issue of this marriage was a daughter who died young. Soon after he went west he was again married, and leaves a widow and little daughter of 11 years to mourn his loss.

A COSMOPOLITAN STATE.

American town nomenclature must give the visiting foreigner a start sometimes, as when he reads in an Augusta, Maine, paper that a citizen of that place has gone to China to spend Sunday with his parents. Here might be food for Paul Bourget's thought.—Boston Transcript.

That's only one case. A man who is a good pedestrian might walk through Denmark, Sweden, Waterford, Norway and Paris in a day. And in a week's outing one may see Peru, the home of the Incas, visit the tin mills of Wales and examine the Cornish mines. He may hang up his hat in Athens and visit Mars Hill made famous by St. Paul. He may make a tour of Belgrade and Belfast, see the sights of Bremen and Bristol, take a view of the Chinese war from Canton while in the Orient and afterwards travel through the Levant, purchase the costly wares of Dresden, scale the heights of Edinburg, study the industries of Leeds, walk the majestic streets of Madrid, search for the silver mines of Mexico, bask under the sunny skies of Naples, visit the ruins of Palmyra, pass an hour in Palermo, Plymouth, Vienna, Yarmouth and York, revisit the scenes of the conquests of Helen of Troy, purchase rugs in Smyrna, see Rome and die.—Portland Express.

SOUTH PARIS.

DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES.

First Congregational Church, R. J. Haughton, Pastor. On Sunday, preaching services, 10:45 A. M. and 7:00 P. M.; Sabbath School 12 M.; Wednesday prayer meeting, 7:30 P. M.; Christian Endeavor meeting on Friday, 7:30 P. M.

Methodist Church, Rev. H. L. Nichols, Pastor. On Sunday, morning prayer meeting, 9:30 A. M.; preaching service, 10:45 A. M.; Sabbath School 12 M.; Epworth League Meeting, 6 P. M.; evening prayer meeting 7 P. M.; Tuesday prayer meeting, 7:30 P. M. Class meeting, Friday, 7:45 P. M.

Baptist Church. Rev. T. J. Ramsdell, Pastor. On Sunday, preaching service 10:45 A. M.; Sabbath School 12 M.; prayer meeting 7:00 P. M. Tuesday evening prayer meeting 7:30 P. M.

STATED MEETINGS.

F. & A. M.—Regular meeting Tuesday evening on or before full moon.

I. O. O. F.—Mount Mica Lodge, regular meetings, Thursday evening of each week.—Auburn Encampment, first and third Monday evenings of each month.

P. of H.—Paris Grange, second Saturday of each month. The Grange store is open for trade Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

U. O. G. C.—First and third Thursdays.

I. O. G. T.—South Paris Lodge, No. 311, meets every other Monday evening in the G. A. R. Hall.

G. A. R.—W. K. Kimball Post, No. 148, meets Saturday on or before full moon, in G. A. R. Hall, at 1:30 P. M.

Wm. K. Kimball Relief Corps meets first and third Thursday evenings of each month, in G. A. R. Hall, at 7:30.

S. of V.—John C. McArdle Camp meets second and fourth Friday evenings of each month at 7 o'clock, at G. A. R. Hall.

N. E. O. P.—Stony Brook Lodge, No. 181, meets at G. A. R. Hall first and third Friday evenings of each month.

K. of P.—Hamlin Lodge, No. 31, meets every Friday evening at Masonic Hall.

At a recent business meeting of the Epworth League Miss Eva Richardson was elected president of that organization.

A special meeting of D. of R., No. 30, on Wednesday evening, also a rehearsal on Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Packard and little son Claflin of Shelburne, N. H., visited at F. P. Burbank's last week.

F. P. Burbank was at S. P. Maxim's shop getting out finish for the house he is building in Gorham, N. H., for C. E. Libby, a brother of A. B. Libby for whom Mr. Burbank built a residence two years ago, both being members of the firm of lumber dealers of E. Libby & Sons.

Circle at the M. E. church next Thursday evening in the vestry. Supper will be served at half past six.

Mrs. Effie Howe has moved into W. L. Farrar's rent on High Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard of Portland spent Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. Record.

The Ladies' Social Circle will hold their supper and entertainment at the M. E. church Thursday evening, November 1. All are invited.

C. H. Young will be at home next Wednesday from Locke's Mills.

Arthur Record is boarding at Herbert Fletcher's.

A. I. Sturtevant was in Boston last week buying winter goods.

The ladies' relief corps will give a supper at G. A. R. Hall next Saturday evening, Nov. 3d, at 6 o'clock. All are invited. Price, adults, 15 cents, children, 10 cents.

Paris Grange celebrated the twentieth anniversary of their organization last Saturday with an all day meeting. In the forenoon a business meeting was held, after which the members and invited guests partook of one of their bountiful dinners, which the ladies know so well how to provide. In the afternoon the following programme was carried out and all were invited to the hall:

1. Music.
2. Review of the Grange, Chas. Edwards.
3. Music.
4. Reading, Mrs. Mabel Greely.
5. Song, Mrs. Kate Hammond.
6. Essay, Mrs. H. T. Cummings.
7. Poem, Harry Farrar.
8. Music.
9. Recitation, Mrs. S. E. Jackson.
10. Remarks, Geo. F. Hammond.
11. Song, Mrs. Kate Hammond.
12. Poem, Mrs. C. A. Briggs.

The Grange is in a very prosperous condition and numbers 150 members. Seven have been added the past year. They have recently purchased a new silk banner, and have a good library which is free to all members.

The ladies' relief corps will have one of their famous suppers at G. A. R. Hall next Saturday night from 6 to 7 o'clock—10 and 15 cents.

J. A. Lambe will visit New York and Boston this week. His daughter Mary will accompany him.

There will be work in the 3d degree at Odd Fellows' Hall next Thursday night.

NOTICE.

As the trustees of both the South Paris Savings Bank and the Norway Savings Bank, acting together in behalf of their several depositors, have decided to pass the November dividend, a few words of explanation may not be out of place.

We consider it our first and foremost duty to see that the funds entrusted to these banks are preserved safe and intact, and while a dividend of ample proportions is very much to be desired, yet it can only be paid from the net earnings of the bank, and must never, by its size, be allowed for a moment to cast even a shadow of a doubt upon the safety of the principal sum.

Unpaid interest on loans, bonds, etc., cannot be used for this purpose, for the law of the state forbids us from declaring any dividend from interest really earned by the bank unless it has been actually collected. The law also obliges us to keep a reserve fund, to which must be added semi-annually a certain percentage of the total amount of deposits in each bank. This reserve fund stands as a guarantee of the strength and stability of the bank.

In ordinary years the increase of the reserve fund is much larger than the sum of any losses that may be charged to it, and with us up to the present time it has continually increased. It is, however, within the knowledge of every one that during the past eighteen months the country has been passing through a financial depression unexampled in its severity and wide-spread in its results. In common with the other savings banks of the state, we hold certain railroad and electric securities upon which there has been some depreciation—not a large amount, but sufficient to affect the net earnings of the past six months.

We presume that most of the banks thus affected will pay their usual dividends, and we could have done so had we deemed that the wisest course; but after careful consideration we have decided not to pay the dividend, but to use the money which would have been required for that purpose to make up the depreciation on these securities, and thus save intact or nearly so the reserve fund which we have accumulated during many years of prosperity. This gives increased stability to the banks, which is the foundation of all true banking.

In our judgment depositors will be better satisfied to pass this dividend entirely and thus have the certainty of the usual dividend hereafter, rather than have two or three small dividends with the accompanying uncertainty. "Pay as you go" is a good maxim in banking as well as in ordinary business. This course deprives no one of anything. All the funds of the banks belong to the depositors, whether divided as dividends, or retained undivided.

It is somewhat unusual to issue a statement of this kind, but we came to the conclusion that a full and frank statement of the cause which led to the passing of the dividend would serve to allay any uneasiness which might possibly have been felt by some not informed as to why it was done; and we have full confidence that in the end our depositors will be the gainers by the action we have taken.

Oct. 29, 1894.

ALVA SHURTLEFF, WM. A. FROTHINGHAM, HENRY E. HAMMOND, WM. N. THOMAS, N. DAYTON BOLSTER, WM. J. WHEELER, GEORGE M. ATWOOD, JOHN F. PLUMMER, J. A. KENNEY,	Trustees of the South Paris Savings Bank.
CYRUS S. TUCKER, F. H. NOYES, C. N. TUBBS, FRANK A. DANFORTH, CHAS. L. HATHAWAY, C. F. RIDLON, HORACE COLE,	Trustees of the Norway Savings Bank.

Four young men of Freedom have entered into a rather rash agreement. They have agreed not to shave the coming winter, and the first one that does will have to pay five dollars each to the three others and give them a fine supper in Belfast. There will probably be a swell supper party of four at one of the Belfast hotels in the course of a month.

NORWAY.

DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES.

Universalist Church, Rev. Caroline E. Angell, Pastor. Preaching service on Sunday, at 10:45 A. M.; Sabbath school, 12:45 P. M.

Second Congregational Church, Rev. R. S. Rideout, Pastor. Preaching service at the Baptist Church, Sunday, 10:30 A. M.; Sabbath School, 11:45 A. M.; Social Meeting, 7:00 P. M.; regular weekly Prayer Meeting, 7:30 P. M., Wednesday; Young People's meeting Friday at 7:30 P. M.

Methodist Church, Rev. J. H. Roberts, Pastor. Preaching Service, 10:30 A. M.; Sabbath School, 12:00 M.; Social Evening Meeting, 7:00 P. M.; Tuesday Prayer Meeting, 7:30 P. M.; Class Meeting, Friday, 7:30 P. M.

STATED MEETINGS.

F. & A. M.—Union R. A. C., No. 36, assembles Wednesday Evening, on or before full moon, at Masonic Hall. Regular meeting of Oxford Lodge, No. 18, in Masonic Hall, Monday Evening on or before full moon. Oxford Council, R. & S. M., Friday evening, on or after full moon.

Norway Division, Sons of Temperance, in Ryerson Hall every Saturday evening.

I. O. O. F.—Regular meeting in Odd Fellows' Hall, every Tuesday Evening. Wibley Encampment, No. 21, meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, second and fourth Friday Evenings of each month.

K. of P.—Regular meeting in Hathaway Block, every Thursday Evening. U. R. A. O. Noyes Division, No. 12, meets third Friday of each month.

G. A. R.—Harry Rust Post, No. 34, meets in Ryerson Hall on the third Friday Evening of each month.

S. of V.—Wellington Hobbs Camp meets the second and fourth Friday evenings of each month.

W. R. C.—Meets in Grange Hall third Friday evening in each month.

U. O. G. C.—Meets the 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month in Ryerson Hall.

P. of H.—Norway Grange meets every other Saturday at Grange Hall.

Norway Light Infantry.—Regular meetings the first and third Monday evenings of each month.

N. E. O. P.—Lakeside Lodge, No. 177, meets in Ryerson Hall, on the first and third Wednesday evenings of each month.

E. F. SMITH, Esq., New Grange Block, is the authorized local agent and correspondent of the Democrat for Norway and favors shown him will be appreciated by the publishers.

The farmers evidently boil down a little cider, judging from the number of barrels hauled through the village.

J. O. Crocker has taken up the piece of sidewalk in front of his hay scales and put down wide granite stone. It is an improvement the public will greatly appreciate.

Judge Whitman talks of building a law office near his residence on Crescent Street.

E. E. Andrews will return from Iowa Tuesday with a lot of extra heavy work horses.

Charles E. McDonald of Pittsfield, N. H., was in town this week.

The tower on the opera house is nearly completed and the clock will be put in position about the middle or last of the week. The timepiece has come and is now in V. W. Hills' custody.

Mrs. C. L. Hathaway is visiting in Athol, Mass., and other places for a few weeks.

Two companies of colored concert people visited our town this week. The one the Virginia and Texas Concert Company at Concert Hall Sunday evening. The other the New Orleans Jubilee Singers at the Baptist church on Wednesday evening. Both entertainments were well attended and both companies gave excellent satisfaction. The music was pleasing to all and the singers were repeatedly encored.

John J. Hayden of Mechanic Falls and S. H. Hayden of Auburn were in town this week. We understand that John J. Hayden has sold out his foundry business at the Falls and S. H. Hayden, who has been engaged in the manufacturing of shoe patterns in Auburn, has closed business there, and they will both go to Lynn, Mass., and start a pattern business.

The man with the little cart with the word "Holiness" painted on the sides, was in town a few days ago.

The village schools are now well under way with the following teachers:

High School, Prof. C. P. Barnes. Assistant, Elmer F. Hunt, Bath.

Grammar Schools, Kate Holmes, Mrs. H. F. Andrews.

Intermediate Schools, Nellie L. Andrews, Mrs Laura Payne.

Primaries, Upper, Ellie Swan. Lower, Lillian McAllister. Middle, Susie Millett, Cora B. Shedd.

A. L. F. Pike has been appointed District Deputy Grand Master, I. O. O. F., of the fourth district.

John T. Harding has gone to Haverhill where he has a good position with J. Winchell.

The Norway Electric Light Co. will furnish C. B. Cummings & Sons power to run their new grist mill near the depot.

The supper and promenade at the Universalist church vestry Tuesday evening was well attended. The young ladies, seventeen in all, got up the supper. It was a good one.

Norway Grange celebrated its 20th anniversary Wednesday of this week. The committee in charge to whom great credit is due, consisted of Mrs. S. A. Ryerson, Mrs. Ellen Bennett and Mrs. Judith Dinsmore. Music was furnished by the grange choir. The following programme was very interesting:

History of national and state granges, J. A. Roberts.
Essay, Rev. C. E. Angell.
Essay, Read by Zilpah Price.
Poem, Mrs. Etta F. Harriman.
Songs, J. A. Bradbury.
Readings, Mrs. Fred Noble, Nathan Noble. Cornie A. Roberts and Emma Noble.

The attendance was very large and the exercises most interesting.

V. W. Hills, the jeweler, has moved into the A. J. Nevers' store.

Rev. C. E. Angell, pastor of the Universalist church, has resigned. She has accepted a call from the Union church society of Caribou. Her resignation will take effect in December. Much sorrow is expressed and every effort will be made to have her stay here.

W. H. Whitcomb has hired part of J. N. Baker's new house.

Sam'l R. Knowland, for years foreman in the cutting room in the shoe factory, is visiting his brother, W. H. Knowland, in this village.

Dr. F. N. Barker is finishing his piazza underpinning with granite.

Look up Hamlin & Bicknell's ad. They have got some great trades to offer in crockery, glassware, lamps and groceries.

The nineteen Iowa horses that will be at Andrews' sale stables Tuesday weigh 26,500 pounds.

The railroad commissioners, David N. Mortland of Rockland and Benj. F. Chadbourne of Biddeford, were in town Thursday and located the railroad crossing over Cottage Street to C. B. Cummings & Sons' mill.

The Norway Packing Co. shipped some of their corn this week.

S. I. Millett presented the Congregational society with the weather vane which decorates the church tower.

Much interest was attracted by the workmen Friday when they finished the tip top of the hall tower, and placed in position the beautiful letters and vane.

OWED TO QUEEN LILI.

O Lilinokalani,
To whom our Grover bows;
To whom as queen our Willie
Once paid his earnest vows:
They say thou'rt cooking up a scheme
The throne again to seize;
That Grover has assured thee—
Thy Majesty to please—
That when the dusky row begins,
And blood begins to flow,
Then Uncle Sam shall stack his arms
And watch the ugly show;
That these United States beneforth
Shall ever "neutral" be,
And take no heed of what goes on
Across the western sea.

O Lili of Hawaii,
Though Grover'd like to hump
Himself to put thee on the throne,
Dost think he's such a chump?
He's learned from and experience—
And it caused his pride a fall—
He doesn't run this government,
House and senate and all.
To tell the plain unvarnished truth,
Thou'st made him so much fuss,
He's tired and sick to death of thee—
And so are the rest of us.
'Tl-hard to speak right out and tell
The melancholy tale;
But, Lili dear, thou hast become
A chestnut old and stale.

—Noguchi News.

Charles Dudley Warner's serial "The Golden House" reaches its end in the November Harper's with an installment of twenty-five pages. In writing the first novel of New York society Mr. Warner has succeeded not only in surpassing his earlier work but in writing the strongest American story of the year. The deepest significance of "The Golden House," however, lies in its treatment of the problems of poverty and charity, and the relations of rich and poor in great cities. Its chief distinction is its appeal to the student of social problems as well as to the lover of attractive fiction.

The Harmon will case, which occupied the attention of the Washington County court for thirteen days, resulted in a verdict sustaining the will.

Written for the Oxford Democrat.

A BIT OF HISTORY.

About three score and four years ago, the good and religiously inclined people of Buckfield, without especial regard to creed, joined hands and purses, and purchased a site on High Street where the old church now stands. At that time an academy was in existence, nearly opposite the lot, and it is said that the students were that interested, that they would turn out to assist in grading the same. The church was built by a union of different denominations, hence it was known as a union church, each occupying in proportion to its respective ownership.

As time wore on, the Baptist people, as is usually the case with churches, became desirous (in church parlance) of having "a home of their own." This, by the help of outsiders, was accomplished. Later on of a night this building was burned, and by the generous aid of the public another was built, now standing, an ornament to the place, and reflecting great credit upon the people outside as well as those of the church.

Still later, the Methodists came to the conclusion that they needed a church edifice, and again the people subscribed liberally, as there were but few of the faith, and the house was built. (And by the way, as I am writing, this very moment, the bell is clanging about 30 feet removed from the house of the writer.)

While all this has been going on, the old church has been standing in solemn silence, overlooking its more pretentious rivals in the valley, the latter sometimes apparently flourishing, at others in the slough of demand. Occasionally, for a time, some minister of the Broad church would hold forth, or a stump speaker would harangue the people within its spacious walls, but for a few years decay has marked it for its own, vandals have plied their trade, and the spire has become a breeding place for the cooing dove.

The present season John D. Long and family (pardon me for not using honorary titles, I never did like them,—"Too English, you know") were visiting here. He while passing the old church with a friend, doubtless pained to see the condition of the building, says, "Why not repair the old church? I will give fifty dollars."

This was the leaven which, from mildly working at first, became very soon a ferment of a high order. Other parties who have gone out from here and been successful in worldly goods, were conferred with by letter, and favorable responses were received.

A town meeting was called to see if the town would vote to buy the old church and convert it into a town hall, by repairing the same, if sufficient aid from outside could be obtained to reduce the cost to a nominal sum.

This is where the opposition rises to the question, and denounces the scheme as one to foist an elephant upon the shoulders of the town—a town which has no town hall, save an old tumble down building, which this same element have been opposed to repairing, with a hope doubtless of building a fine building in the near future; a town now paying $30 per year rent to hold its town meetings; a town which has no place to call its own, where plebeian may meet plebeian and discuss matters of finance, politics or religion, without going down into his pocket where the bottom has long since dropped out.

The building and lot can be bought for one hundred dollars or less, not more than the value of the lot. Five hundred dollars is the highest amount for repairs, and with the liberal subscriptions from those who are anxious to preserve the old landmark intact, the expense to the town may be brought to a possible $200. Not much of a jumbo for Buckfield.

And this is why the opposition is so shocked, that the people should vote the town's money for the purchase of the "old barn" for sentiment's sake, then in the next breath go into ecstacies over the fine hall now occupied, "the best in the county"—no sentiment there!

Sentiment aside, the old town house which stands to-day condemned, is all right, for it has been lately shingled, whereas for a decade while in use it leaked badly.

Sentiment aside, a barn is just the place to hold meetings, religious, political or otherwise.

The writer has mentioned on various occasions in correspondence the dilapidated condition of the old church, coupled with the inquiry, Why not some of Buckfield's native born, who have met with success in other parts, take hold and restore the old landmark? Though not myself a native of the town, I have looked upon its dilapidated condition with a feeling of sorrow.

A few weeks since, while the writer was viewing the fine school house nearing completion in Bethel, at a cost of $15000, an old gentleman approached, and with apparent pride, pointed out the bounds, and while extolling the house and surroundings says, "I am glad to be taxed to help build such a house for those who come after." Though a stranger, he was pointed out as one of Oxford County's honored sons, and a man whose pen productions I have perused with pleasure. Sentiment aside, one thousand dollars would have been sufficient for that school house.

Nearly thirty years ago, where the writer lived, there was need of a new school house. The old men objected. It was good enough for their children, it was good enough still. Besides, they wanted to sell their homes. The answer was, "That is just what I wish to do and I want a school house to help me sell." A stormy time ensued, the moderator untieing the vote every time. I was assessed between thirty and forty dollars. The following fall I advertised my place in a local paper. A few weeks and the paper failed. The winter following an old gentleman appeared, saying, "I saw your place advertised last fall. I am looking for a place for my son. I see you have a good school house. He has three children, and I should not buy unless there were good facilities for schools." The trade was made. Taxed for sentiment again.

When people from abroad have been thus liberal with their means in responding to former calls for assistance, why, in all fairness, should we ignore their wishes? We don't know how soon we may have axes to grind. We know not how soon we may be in the same dilemma of the old horse which fell into the spring. The old man, the owner, had another old and dilapidated equine specimen, and hitching a chain around the bemired horse's neck, he brought the other to the rescue, saying to the upright horse, "Now, gracious God (these being his regular prayer words), old horse, do the very best you can, you don't know how soon you will want the same kindness done for you."

Be not deceived by misrepresentation, be not actuated by malice or bigoted prejudice, but send in your favors to Benj. Spaulding, treasurer.

G. TILTON.

Buckfield, Oct. 22, 1894.

THE ANDOVER BURGLARS

BOUND OVER TO AWAIT THE UNITED STATES COURT.

The men arrested at North New Portland for breaking into the post office at Andover, were given a hearing before Commissioner Bradley at Portland Tuesday. They give their names as Frank Robinson and Charles R. Lyman of Hartford, Conn. Their plunder was produced in court, and most of it was positively identified by Postmaster Melcher and his clerk, Mr. Loring. Mr. Loring also identified Robinson as a man who visited the store on the afternoon before the robbery.

Counsel for defence did not put in any evidence or make any argument, and the prisoners were bound over in the sum of $2,000 for trial at the December term of United States court. In default of bail they went to jail.

A LITTLE STATE!

Maine may be a little state, but * * * * * * *.—Boston Journal.

Maine a little state! Confound your impudence, there is one of our 16 counties that is almost as big as the whole of Massachusetts. It is as far from one corner of this state to the other as it is from Boston to Baltimore. Go to, you insignificant snip of a "commonwealth." Ever since Maine was set off from you in 1820—an operation which was much like removing a boy from a wart—your ignorance of the geography of "Down East" has been dense and dominating.—Biddeford Journal.

THE WEEK IN MAINE.

THE MOST IMPORTANT STATE NEWS BRIEFLY TOLD.

Maine is said to have about 1546 lakes within her borders.

Burglars entered the house of Councilman Carle of Biddeford and stole $91 from his vest.

One of Dexter's citizens is reported to have lost $14,000 recently as a result of western investments.

Eleven dead deer passed through Portland on one train recently. Big game is plenty this fall.

Wallace Blake, a son of Charles Blake of Blake's Point, Brooksville, shot and killed himself Thursday morning. No cause known.

Another slate quarry is to be put in operation in Monson—one which was worked for a short time some years ago, and then given up.

Cape Cottage, the famous hostelry at Cape Elizabeth, was burned Sunday night, the 21st. Total loss something over $20,000, insured.

It is said that an appropriation of $250,000 will be asked in the legislature next winter for the proposed asylum for the insane in Bangor.

The Gay-Woodman Co. of Lewiston, manufacturing shoes, has made an assignment. Hon. George C. Wing is assignee. The liabilities are about $100,000.

The jury returned a verdict of not guilty in the case of Thomas Laskey, who was tried for the murder of Michael Hayden at Eastport. The trial lasted two days.

A large number of the summer cottages at Popham and Small Point beaches have been broken into recently, and in some cases articles of considerable value were taken.

A workman on the roof of the new stable at Poland Spring, fell a distance of thirty-four feet. He struck squarely on both feet, dislocating one and fracturing the other.

Andrew Johnson jumped from a runaway tram car at Cumberland Mills and struck in such a way as to turn his foot completely around, so that the toes pointed backward.

Aroostook merchants complain that the farmers are storing their potatoes, and the bills contracted during the summer, which were to have been paid this fall, are allowed to stand on the books.

Dr. Bailey has been running down more cases of glanders in eastern Maine. He has condemned and ordered killed seventeen cases of glanders and farcy in this state since Sept. 1st, and but two of them were bred in Maine.

Two boys about 14 have been arrested in Gardiner for breaking into a store and stealing revolvers, cartridges, etc. These youthful dime novel heroes are suspected of the mysterious petty burglaries in the city lately, but deny them.

Mrs. Eva Simpson of Saco attempted suicide Monday night by taking laudanum, but took an overdose and recovered. She was recently divorced and was said to be smitten with a Saco young man who did not reciprocate her affections.

Jackson Weeks and wife of Rockland were thrown out by a skittish horse directly in front of an electric car. The car was stopped, but the injuries received when the people were thrown out are likely to prove fatal. Mr. and Mrs. Weeks are past middle age.

Men are wanted badly for work in the woods in northern Maine, and in railroad construction. They are scarce, and the employment agents are hustling around to get men to supply the demand. Agents are in Boston to secure as many as possible, but do not send many to Bangor.

The governor has nominated Frederick Danforth of Gardiner as railroad commissioner to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Col. Wildes. Mr. Danforth is a son of the late Judge Danforth. He is 46 years of age, a civil engineer, and has had much experience in the building of railroads.

One of Thomaston's school teachers has requested her scholars to bring each a drinking cup for use in the school. The Maine Sanitary Inspector, this week, strongly urges the abolition of the public drinking cup in the schools, whose use, it says, may be accompanied with untold and unsuspected danger.

Lewiston is congratulating herself that building enterprises in that city this year will probably foot up to the neat little sum of $500,000 or more. The Doyle building, the Cobb Divinity School, the Garcelon Building, S. Peters monastery, together with the completion of the elegant new government building, come first.

Charles A. Maddocks of Bangor, aged about 35 years, shot himself Monday night, and did it in such a deliberate manner that it was evident he had planned it for some time. He was a very popular young man, but had been having considerable worry over the division of his father's property, and had been drinking considerably lately.

Charles Varney, employed on the electric railroad at Skowhegan, attempted suicide Wednesday morning by shooting, which will probably end fatally, on the doorstep of his sweetheart, Miss Eva Ferguson, who resides with her sister, Mrs. Perley Dyer, on Greenville Street in Hallowell. Miss Ferguson had refused to marry him, and he said he shot himself because he could not live without her.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.

BORN.

In Gilead, Oct. 19, to the wife of George M. Bennett, a son.

MARRIED.

In South Paris, Oct. 25, by Rev. R. J. Haughton, Irving E. Andrews and Miss Nellie A. Morse.

In Rumford, Oct. 7, by Francis P. Putnam, Esq., Mr. Albert H. Austin and Miss Eva M. Smith, both of Peru.

In Rumford Falls, Oct. 2, by Rev. D. F. Faulkner, Charles H. Tripp of Mechanic Falls, and Hattie L. Glover of Rumford.

In West Paris, Oct. 16, by Rev. A. K. Bryant, George C. Cole, Jr., and Linnie Yates.

In Buckfield, Oct. 24, by Rev. Chas. T. Ogden, Mr. Nathan E. Morrill and Miss Sarah A. Crommett, both of Buckfield.

DIED.

In Denmark, Oct. 26, Stephen Ames.

In Bethel, Oct. 13, Linda M. Bennett, aged 34 years, 1 month and 23 days.

In Bryant's Pond, Oct. 3, infant son of Elbridge and Vertie A. Crocker, aged 7 months and 23 days.

In Hartford, Sept. 25, Abigail E. Tyler, aged 81 years, 7 months and 11 days.

In Canton, Oct. 13, Malcolm Reynolds, aged 39 years, 5 months and 2 days.

MRS. CORA S. BRIGGS,

Teacher of Piano, Organ and Harmony.

Hour and half-hour lessons. Terms, 75 and 50 cents per lesson. One-third discount on all sheet music.

Residence,

HIGHLAND COTTAGE, SOUTH PARIS.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

The undersigned, having been appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of October, A. D. 1894, commissioners to receive and examine the claims of creditors against the estate of Caleb F. Foster, late of Newry, in said County, deceased, represented insolvent, hereby give notice that six months from the date of said appointment are allowed to said creditors in which to present and prove their claims, and that they will be in session at the following place and time for the purpose of receiving the same, viz.:—at the office of Herrick & Park, in Bethel, in said County, on Tuesday, the 17th day of April, A. D. 1895, at two o'clock in the afternoon.

S. S. TWITCHELL, S. F. BROWN, } Commissioners.

COLD WEATHER IS COMING!

and we want to call your attention to a few articles that you need at once, and we assure you it will be a Very Cold Day when you cannot find a Bargain at Our Store.

Ladies' fleece lined underwear, 25c. and 50c.
Ladies' wool underwear, 50c., 75c. and $1.
Infants' and Misses' underwear, 12c. to 50c.
Boy's wool hose, 19c. and 30c.
Ladies' and Children's cotton fleeced and wool hose at all prices.
Ladies' lined kid gloves and mittens.
Bed blankets, 50c., 69c., 75c., $1. up to $6. per pair.
Scotch, Spanish, Saxony and Germantown yarn at new tariff prices.

Last but not least look at our line of

LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S WINTER GARMENTS!

Jackets from $2. to $20. Fur Capes from $5. to $25.

Do not forget that we have the Thompson Glove-fitting Corset, which cannot be excelled in fitting qualities or durability.

We have called your attention to the goods that every one needs at once but please remember that our general stock is complete in every department and we cordially invite you to call and be convinced that we have the bargains you are looking for.

Yours respectfully,

NOYES & ANDREWS,

Dry Goods Store, 110; Clothing Store, 112 Main St.,

NORWAY, - - MAINE.

FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKING.

We have just returned from Boston with all the latest French Styles and are now ready to please our customers.

Call And See Us!

DEAN & MILLETT,

44 Pleasant Street, - - South Paris, Maine.

FREEDOM NOTICE.

South Paris, Oct. 20, 1894.

This is to certify that I have this day given my son Leroy F. Perkins his time, and shall claim none of his wages nor pay any debts of his contracting.

FREELAND PERKINS.

Witness, MARY A. WYMAN.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of Oct., A. D. 1894.

Cynthia E. Morrill, having presented a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of ELIPHALET MORRILL, late of Sumner, in said County, deceased, having presented the same for Probate:

ORDERED, That the said petitioner give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of Nov. next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased, and that Cynthia E. Morrill, be appointed administratrix with the will annexed.

GEO. A. WILSON, Judge.

A true copy—attest:—
ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of Oct., A. D. 1894.

On the petition of Gilbert B. Mills of Bethel, praying for the appointment of D. Ann Mills of Bethel

"ON THE HILL."

DIRECTORY.

First Baptist Church: Rev. A. P. Wedge, Pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sunday school at 12 M. Sabbath Evening Service at 7 P. M. Prayer Meetings Thursday Evenings at 7 P. M.

Universalist Church: Sunday School every Sunday at 11 A. M.

Mrs. Mitchell of Turner has been at Mr. Park's for a few days.

Rev. Mr. Wedge starts Tuesday morning for Connecticut where he is called on account of sickness.

We are thankful for a few days of sunshine, and would continue our thankfulness for a few more of the same kind, if we can have the opportunity.

Ex-Governor Perham and family had planned to close their house here and go this week to Washington for the winter, but have decided to wait until the Washington small pox scare is over before starting.

Perkins' Jubilee Singers have no occasion to find fault with their house Tuesday evening, nor with the reception given them. It isn't often that an "out-of-town show" gets so good a house, and those who enjoy the old plantation melodies had an evening's treat.

Read "A Lone Inn," the first chapter of which appears in this issue of the Democrat. In its opening chapters it is rather gruesome—not too gruesome, just gruesome enough—and it spins a tangled web which it will bother you to straighten out without the author's help.

The neighbors of Seth Sieberling of Buckfield, who was so badly injured by falling from an apple tree, have been giving the people of this section an opportunity to give practical expression to their sympathy in the form of United states money. They met with quite good success here.

Remarked a citizen a few days since: "I was going to save my sweet apples to feed out to my horse, but come to look them over they are too wormy, and I'm going to put them in and sell them with my cider apples." And the ludicrous side of the situation didn't strike either the speaker or the listener until some time afterward.

Officer Faulkner, who came up from the state prison last week, says that if Abner Thorne continues to learn as fast as he has so far, within two years he will be the most skillful workman in the wood-working department of the institution. He has certainly given proof of an extraordinary amount of mechanical genius.

That handsome but offensive animal, the skunk, is as plenty around Paris Hill this fall as he seems to be over the rest of the state. Several have been killed. One woman reports seeing three in her yard together one evening, and most of the people when they go out after dark step very gingerly for fear of what may be under their feet.

An officer from the state prison came up and took the three sentenced to that institution to Thomaston Wednesday morning. All went off in fairly good humor, considering the circumstances, except Merrifield, who was having an "off day." As the stage drove off, one of the prisoners launched this piece of good advice at the bystanders: "Now, boys, keep shy of rum and bad women."

In the Democrat office hangs a trace of half a dozen ears of yellow corn,—ears ten to twelve inches long, and of a quality that shows without question that this is a good corn year. This trace was brought in by Capt. C. H. Ripley as a sample of about two hundred bushels of ears that he gets from two acres of land. He says that's his kind of sweet corn; he got rich enough raising the other kind some years ago, and now he's gone back to this.

All interested in the annual hunting match are invited to meet at the hall this Monday evening to choose sides. It is proposed to have the day Tuesday for the hunting, with game supper and ball Wednesday evening. They're going to try and have the match decided this year by the game shot the day of the hunt, and not have it depend upon the length of the shooters' pocketbooks or the keeping qualities of the game. The "get-there-any-way" style of so-called hunting match is played out.

One of the respondents at the last term of court, who received a sentence of quite a heavy fine, or a long jail term in default of payment, has written to the county attorney, expressing a willingness to "settle" on a basis of about twenty cents on a dollar. He says he don't pay any such enormous fine, but if the county attorney will accept his terms he will furnish the money. He seems to have acquired the idea the county attorney is clothed with full authority to compromise sentences.

SUCCESSFUL SEITZ.

Don C. Seitz, who spent a number of years of his youth in Norway village, has been promoted to the position of managing editor of the New York World. Mr. Seitz is a young man as yet to fill a position of so much responsibility, but every step of his progress since he went into journalism in New York has been earned. He has got ahead because of his incessant, untiring "hustle." In the newspaper United States of the present decade, it's the hustler who gets there.

NOT THAT KIND OF A BOY.

A boy bearing the honored name of George Washington has fallen so low as to try to impose upon the kindness of Mr. Hinckley of Good Will Farm. In the latest number of the Record, Mr. Hinckley tells of this youth's career there. The boy's story was: Father dead. Mother dead. He had no bad habits except profanity when he was mad. He did not know that I knew that the matron had relieved him of his tobacco the evening he arrived. He thought Good Will Farm was a good place and he wanted to stay and learn to work and get an education. I was sure I detected in this story a striking similarity to the so-called boy tramp, who had been figuring in Waterville and Lewiston. But, perhaps, George really wanted to do better. If so, then here was the chance. Saturday morning, just a week from the time he arrived, the boy disappeared. This was no surprise. Monday we heard that he had reached Skowhegan. His story was to the effect that he had been at Good Will Farm, but was not allowed to stay there. A farmer heard the lad's story and took him into the country to his own home. The day following the above record I was on the M. C. R. R. when I discovered that Sheriff Mitchell was riding in the seat opposite. There by his side, too, was George Washington Daggett. In the new home he had found with the kind-hearted farmer there was a watch. George had stolen it. So the sheriff was taking him to reform school. The reform school is the lad's only chance. We have no bolts or bars at the Farm to keep a boy. George has had all the freedom he deserves at the present."

FARMERS AND STOCK COMPANIES.

The Board of Agriculture desires to caution the farmers of Maine against purchasing shares in any stock company for the purpose of obtaining any improved animals for breeding. If the farmers of any community wish to purchase an animal, let them correspond with some of those breeders or importers who advertise so extensively in the agricultural press, and then send some of their own number to fully investigate all the conditions and ascertain if they agree with the written claims, before purchasing, dealing directly with first parties. Above all things avoid a plausible stranger, whoever he may be, who comes among you with an animal claiming it to be from some famous breeding establishment, which he proposes to sell to you at a very high price, in shares, which may and may not represent a cash outlay and accompanied with the taking terms of future payment, with no cash down. The history of all such companies formed for any purpose in Maine, as far as we know, has been a succession of disastrous failures.

B. WALKER MCKEEN, Sec'y.

THE OXFORD BEARS.

THE DOINGS OF THE WEEK IN ALL SECTIONS OF THE COUNTY.

HIRAM.

The old red mill, a half mile above Hiram village, has been a familiar spot for half a century. It must now yield to the inexorable law of progress. It has been bought by George R. Bean, Esq., of Denmark, and will be taken down and removed to the site of the Joseph Butterfield shop, near the Mt. Cutler House, and used as a steam grist mill. It was erected in 1836 by Benjamin Barker, Esq., and Col. Marshall Spring, and was owned later by Hon. John H. Spring and more recently owned by John Pierce, Esq.

An Epworth League has been formed at the Methodist church with a good number of members.

Four deer were recently seen in Hiram.

The man with "Ye one horse shay" and an intermittent memory is talking law to us since court adjourned. There will be years after this year. Our citizens will resist to the last syllable of the revised statutes a return to the "former things that have passed away."

HARTFORD.

The South Hartford Cemetery Association held their annual meeting and chose the following officers:

A. S. Purkis, President.
Burton A. Hutchinson, Secretary and Treasurer.
Decatur Irish, L. C. Mason, A. S. Purkis, Executive Committee.

Mrs. A. S. Purkis has gone to Berwick to take care of her daughter, who is quite feeble.

We visited the cattle show at West Sumner the 12th. There was a good display of farm products and healthy women.

NORWAY LAKE.

There are two men making apple barrels in L. D. Hobbs' shop.

Mrs. Ellen Whitten and little daughter Myrtle and Miss Fannie Bragdon of Hollis were at L. D. Hobbs' visiting a few days last week.

Maud Partridge has gone to work in the shoe shop.

Miss Louise Bradbury was made happy by having a nice piano left at her home Wednesday.

Mrs. F. E. Pottle has gone to housekeeping in the Whitcomb rent on Water Street in Norway village.

RUMFORD.

Miss Carlotta Elliott spent Saturday and Sunday at home.

Mrs. J. H. Barker is going to visit her niece in Boston.

Sunday, Oct. 21, was observed as Harvest Day at the Congregational church. The house was beautifully decorated with flowers, evergreens, fruit, etc. Miss Clara Elliott, Miss Susie Howard, each gave a recitation, Mrs. Fred Hodgdon a solo, and music by the choir. Miss Abbott presided at the organ. Rev. Mr. Keith gave an address appropriate to the occasion.

Mr. Joel Hutchins has moved to Hanover.

EAST SUMNER.

The new passenger coaches recently placed on the Portland and Rumford Falls line are "dandies". They are from the Pullman Car Co., and are nicely equipped. The train service on this line is neat and even elegant, and passengers appreciate it. We intend on some stormy day to ride down as far as "Warren's Crossing", and enjoy the luxury of a clean car.

Judging from the score of tramps that came along inquiring for Rumford Falls, that place must be overstocked with pedestrians looking for work but finding none. They are becoming altogether too plenty.

Twenty cents a hundred lbs. for apples does not indicate a great scarcity. Car loads are being shipped from this place at that price.

Mr. Hersey Heald of Sandwich, Mass., was recently at the old birthplace in Sumner.

Charles Bradeen is still in a somewhat critical condition, and suffering at times intense pain.

NORTH BUCKFIELD.

Mrs. Mary Clapp and Miss Gertrude Carey, who have been in our place for a while, returned to their home in Salem, Mass., the 15th inst.

J. A. Warren has been having a windmill set to carry water to his buildings.

Abel Irish has bought the most of the apples in our neighborhood.

Hersey Keen of Sumner is at A. W. Spaulding's on a visit.

Ellery Farrar of Bath is at his father's, Jefferson Farrar's, on a visit.

Frank Damon of South Paris has been quite sick at his father's, S. B. Damon's, for a while. He was so he returned home the 21st.

Carl Heald, who has been away on a vacation, has got home.

Charlie Record of Portland and James Record of South Paris were in our place the 21st.

FRYEBURG CENTRE.

B. Walker McKeen of Augusta attended the grange meeting last Saturday night.

Robert Cole is building an addition to his house at the Harbor.

J. E. Pray and wife have been visiting friends in New Hampshire.

C. H. Wiswell has lately bought a promising pair of 2-year-old steers.

Mrs. Dr. Pyrum is a connoisseur of culos, especially vases. She has a pair of them that Gen. Lafayette brought over from France in 1777.

The ladies' aid society of the Harbor M. E. church will hold a harvest supper and entertainment at Knight's hall in the near future. The ladies of this society are famous for their culinary skill and there will be plenty for all. A good literary entertainment is being prepared.

Mr. Sturdevant has recently purchased the Haley farm.

Hazen Walker of Rumford Falls was in town last week.

Bert Hurd has moved into the house formerly occupied by Leon Giles.

Mrs. Isadore Day returned to Portland last Monday.

Hunters report that partridges are not very plenty in the local woods.

Miss Bessie Hall will soon open dressmaking rooms at her home in Fish St.

Rev. Mr. Staples preached an impressive and instructive sermon at the village last Sabbath.

The merchant who does not believe in advertising makes the sheriff smile.

Harvey Watson of Chatham has recently discovered a quartz mine near his home which he claims will be a bonanza of unusual promise. At present, but little is being done in carrying on the work of development, but in the spring it is the intention to inaugurate operations on an extensive scale.

Will Libby and Mr. Plaisted of Portland spent Sunday in town.

Over 250 members of Fryeburg Grange were present at the meeting held last Saturday night. Pequawket Grange of Conway was represented by a delegation of twenty-five members. The supper which was served in the hall, was the usual feast of good things, while music and select readings combined to make the occasion a very successful and pleasant one. A very interesting feature of the evening was an address "Eminent men of this generation," by Hon. W. W. Stetson. The "Grange Echo" was read by Mrs. Marion Chandler in a creditable manner and received marked approbation. The committee on arrangements were Mrs. John Ames, Mrs. Rhoda Wiley, Mrs. Emma Towle, Mrs. Hattie Thompson, and last but not least, Mrs. Marcus Smart, who rendered efficient aid in making the event a "red letter day" in the Grange.

The cause of woman suffrage will no doubt take a forward step at the coming November elections, and will be a new and potent factor in the politics of several states. The age is progressing and woman before long will have votes in pockets that can be easily reached. We will soon see that woman will not stand back—as in the past—while their husbands eat all the apple up. Eve, with all her faults, was not a selfish woman. She gave of the apple to Adam, but most of his descendants since then have insisted upon eating all of the apple themselves, even to the core. Modern women wish the dish passed around and from present indications it won't be long before man will be picking up the crumbs.

WEST BETHEL.

We were pleased to see Rev. Z. J. Wheeler with us again last Sunday after an absence of six weeks. Mr. Wheeler expects to be here regularly on every other Sunday.

E. B. Shaw had three sheep so badly mangled by dogs a few days ago that he had to kill them. Mr. H. N. Upton, one of the selectmen of the town, has been up investigating the matter, and trying to find the owners of the dogs. The dogs are still at large, but we hope they will soon be found and brought to justice.

LeRoy Brackett, while at work in the woods, was chopping a large maple when a limb became detached and fell, striking his shoulder in such a way as to knock him down, but inflicting no more serious injury than a slight flesh wound.

Mr. B. K. Bean, Jr., who has been much afflicted for several years with asthma and other troubles, has been to the Maine General Hospital for treatment. We hope he may be benefited.

Minnie Wheeler has received a box of very fine chestnuts from friends in Hopkinton, N. H.

EAST WATERFORD.

Mrs. Angeline Sanderson, who has been visiting in Massachusetts for several months past, came to her son's Monday, where she made a short visit before returning to her home at South Waterford.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Keen drove to Carroll, N. H., last week.

Miss Gertie Moore of Norway is spending a fortnight at P. N. Haskell's.

Mrs. Norwood goes to Portland again Thursday.

Mrs. William W. Kilborne of Chelmsford, Mass., is visiting her sister, Mrs. James Chadbourne. Her daughter Kate was here a few days.

DIXFIELD CENTRE.

Deer are quite plenty in this vicinity. Several have been shot by the young Nimrods, and several more have been seen and shot at.

M. Holman of Lewiston spent four days in this place last week settling up some unfinished business.

An enjoyable and profitable praise service was held at the school house on Thursday evening. Good attendance.

NORTH PARIS.

Norah Whitney is at work for James Dudley on Stearns Hill.

A. M. Curtis and wife visited his brother, M. E. Curtis, Oct. 20.

F. L. Barrett is buying apples in this vicinity. He pays $1.25 per barrel for No. 1 and 2.

Mrs. Nancy Andrews of Milton Plantation visited her mother, Mrs. Fuller, Oct. 21.

George Andrews and wife of Haverhill, Mass., and Zephaniah Starbird and wife have been to Gorham, N. H., to visit Mr. Starbird's daughter, Mrs. Minnie Morse.

K. Churchill picked up a shawl in the road to North Paris a few weeks ago which the owner can have by calling.

Mrs. Ella Andrews has got home from Presque Isle where she has been a few weeks.

Mrs. Edna Field has visited friends here recently.

Mrs. Addie Davis has been visiting at B. K. Dow's.

NEWRY.

The sun has been quite a stranger for a few days back. Clouds and fog, but not much rain.

Mrs. O'Neil R. Hastings died Wednesday of this week. She had been an invalid for a number of years.

Mrs. W. B. Wight has been sick for some time.

W. N. Powers' wife is laid up with a sprained ankle.

J. S. Allen and wife are visiting friends in Stoneham this week.

J. H. Farrar is at work with his team for N. S. Baker.

Neally Thompson's cellar wall caved in the other day, making it necessary to rebuild the chimney.

GILEAD.

Thursday evening Rev. Mr. Withee's quiet home was besieged by a large company of his parishioners each one armed with various sized packages, from small envelopes of money to large bags of fruit and vegetables. Knowing that he and his family could not successfully oppose the entrance of such a crowd, they were admitted and given a cordial welcome, and after passing a very pleasant evening departed, leaving their commissary stores behind them, as a slight expression of their esteem for their pastor.

There was a large attendance at church both morning and evening last Sunday which was observed as harvest day. Tempting fruits and vegetables were artistically arranged about the speaker's desk and on the platform back of it, and Mr. Withee's sermon was a fine expression of the thoughts suggested by this bountiful harvest. There was a harvest concert in the evening, consisting of solos, duets, and choruses by the choir, recitations by Misses Estella Wight, Alice Hicks, Francis Withee, Imogen Burnham and Mrs. Ladd and an interesting address by the pastor.

Sunday evening, Nov. 4th, Mr. Withee will begin a series of illustrated sermons on "The Prodigal Son", which promise to be of great interest. It is hoped every one will make a special effort to attend, both to hear and see.

Mrs. T. G. Lary, who has had a severe hemorrhage of the lungs, is improving very slowly.

Mrs. Helen Scribner and her two children, who have been staying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wight, for a few weeks, are to move into the rent in Mr. F. B. Coffin's house at the village when Mr. Scribner finishes the arrangements for them.

Mr. A. D. Withum, who has gone to Paris for a stay of some weeks, was joined by Mrs. Withum and their little son last Saturday for a visit of a few days, when they will return to Gilead.

DENMARK.

Mr. Stephen Ames was found dead in his bed at an early hour this morning, Oct. 26th. No cause has as yet been assigned for his death.

Rev. John A. Lawrence and wife of Acton are visiting friends here. Mr. Lawrence was formerly pastor of the Congregational church here.

Mrs. C. K. Belcher has been appointed D. D. G. M. of the Rebekah lodges in this district.

Mr. Arthur Potter is reported as quite sick.

The ladies' Methodist circle met with Mrs. A. H. Witham Thursday afternoon.

Burnham & Morrill are shipping their corn to Portland without labeling.

NORTH ALBANY.

There was a husking at Mr. Wallace Cummings' Tuesday evening. About seventy-five took supper and a good time enjoyed by all.

There is to be a service at the church at Hunt's Corner Thursday evening conducted by Rev. George H. Bird of Chicago, formerly a pastor of this place.

Mr. Lucian Johnson, who has been visiting in Lowell and vicinity, returned Saturday and reports a pleasant trip.

Mrs. Lydia Foster, who has been boarding at Mr. Daniel Clark's for some years, is quite ill and is not expected to recover.

DICKVALE.

Edwin C. Hussey was obliged to give up his school on account of sickness. He is comfortably sick with typhoid fever.

Percy Child has bought him a new bicycle.

Two of our young men, Lee Putnam and David Chenery, passed the night of the 21st in the woods, having got lost. But they came out all right the next morning.

Lovejoy Brothers have sold their apples to Barrett of Sumner.

WILSON'S MILLS.

A number of heavy teams are now on the road hauling supplies for the various lumber companies above here.

The steamer Magalloway makes daily trips taking supplies up the river for Ellingwood, Hamill, York & Lary and others.

Percy Ripley fired at a moose in the vicinity of the Narrows some two weeks since. The carcass was found by D. C. Bennett the past week on the bank of the river.

First snow of the season October 15th, but one can still find blue violets and strawberry blossoms.

Mercury at 70 degrees Sunday, the 21st.

ROXBURY.

Messrs. Brown and Parker of the Berlin Mills Company, were in town last week with a view to locate a birch mill to cut out the large quantity of birch on their land in this town. They have already let a spruce job to Peter Sturgon of Rumford Falls, and he is already in the woods with a crew of men building camps, cutting roads, etc. He is to cut and haul from one to two million.

Nearly all the farmers now have a crew of boarders of the railroad men.

The contractors are pushing the work with a rush. Mr. Madigan is breaking up the granite rocks and building culverts. The grading he has sub-let to other parties.

Mrs. Chapman continues very sick.

Surveyor Clark of the railroad force is very sick with fever at Fred Knapp's and is visited daily by Dr. Binford.

Mr. Maher has taken a job to draw birch for Swain & Reed's mill.

Mrs. Chapman died the 24th. She was loved and respected by all who knew her. She sought to benefit all those around her. Her untimely death is a terrible blow to Mr. Chapman. She leaves an only child, a little boy of seven years.

The Italian force on our railroad was greatly increased on Thursday night by the arrival of a very large number. They were scattered along the road for three miles.

OXFORD.

Rev. Mr. Haughton preached at the Congregational church Sunday.

It is said that an Advent church is to be organized here.

Mr. Averill has been holding meetings for several weeks and on Sunday baptized eight persons at the pond near Yeaton's grove.

The jubilee singers gave a concert Wednesday evening at the M. E. church.

Miss Fobes who has been very sick with appendicitis is better.

The intermediate school will be continued with Harry Farris as teacher to fill the vacancy caused by Miss Fobes' sickness.

Charles Weston with his sister, Mrs. Farnham, and her little daughter Grace, were thrown from a carriage while driving over the bridge. The little girl was insensible but it is thought received no serious injury.

PERU.

A. B. Walker has swapped his horses with A. B. Griffith for his matched pair.

Miss Nelly Castle is at work for Mrs. Wyman.

Mrs. Orville Robinson visited Lewiston last week.

J. E. Conant and Seth Babb have each of them built an ice house.

Green Hodsdon has had a car load of flour which he sells very cheap.

EAST PERU.

Thomas Farrar has carried his wife to Portland to the hospital to be doctored.

Horace Clark remains about the same.

Mrs. Varney is very low.

A. B. Griffith has gone to Lewiston to trade horses.

The fox hunters are quite plenty and they are having good luck for the foxes are quite plenty.

WEST FRYEBURG.

Mrs. C. C. Eastman and children are visiting her mother, Mrs. J. W. Towle.

The S. L. C. will meet with Mrs. William Pitman November 6. Club tea.

Mrs. Stephen Farrington has been visiting her aunt in Portland.

Mr. Sturdivant has bought Mr. Haley's farm and has moved there.

Mr. Littlefield has taken B. W. McKeen's farm.

Marion Chandler entertained the whist club last week.

GREENWOOD.

Roscoe Swan has so far recovered that he called on us the first of the week. In addition to the other troubles brought on by the disaster before mentioned, he had a large sore come and break in his head. He said the fluid felt like red hot embers on his face, and a good deal more so in his eyes and mouth. Stating that we would like to know what elements nature used in making such a compound, he said he guessed it was fire and pepper.

On visiting their bear traps the other day they found a fine large fox in one of them, so that they now have so much towards paying for their sheep.

It is very sickly about here. Orin Young and a daughter of Lyman Martin are both prostrated with typhoid fever, and Dea. S. B. Cummings is threatened with pneumonia.

Weather still warm and moist. Last week we saw a full blown dandelion and strawberry, and report says that some of the next spring Mayflowers are in blossom.

What a harvest death is reaping among the eastern potentates; the sultan of Morocco died last summer, and shortly after M. Carnot, president of France, was assassinated; still later the King of Siam died, and now we hear that the czar of Russia is lying at the point of death if living.

A letter from Mr. Davis of Minnesota informs us that the great September fire came within half a mile of his residence, and had it not been for the timely rain all would soon have been swept away. It is now as wet there as it was dry before.

BROWNFIELD.

Sherman McDonald has lost a fine horse, one of his span.

Mr. John McDonald is making repairs on his buildings.

Mr. A. Morton has moved into Mrs. S. B. Bean's house.

Mrs. Eaton has gone to Conway, N. H., to spend the winter.

Mrs. Fred Fye of Hiram is visiting friends in this vicinity.

Mr. Simon Hanscom has sold his farm to Mr. Frank Cotton.

A lodge of Good Templars was organized in this place this week, fourteen members.

The grammar school commences next Monday after a vacation of two weeks. Teacher, Mr. Morton of Porter.

EAST BROWNFIELD.

The fall term of school in District No. 1, under the instruction of Miss Annette Kimball, closed last Friday.

Clarice Allen of Hiram is visiting her mother, Mrs. C. D. Fessenden.

Mrs. A. F. Johnson and little daughter have just returned from Effingham, N. H., where they have been visiting Mrs. Johnson's mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Allard have moved to Conway Corner.

EAST BETHEL.

Dr. Silas Bartlett of East Dixfield visited at Z. W. Bartlett's last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Burrell of Auburn are visiting at Mr. Galen Blake's.

N. F. Swan is now having the plastering done in his new house.

Mr. D. W. Cole is making repairs on his house.

F. B. Howe is at work at Rumford Falls.

M. A. Holt is threshing in this place.

Don Rowe has returned to Bethel Hill and expects to go to Boston soon, as he is too free a dog to live in the country.

WEST SUMNER.

Lula M. Packard is at home from Norway where she has been at work for Mrs. L. B. Andrews.

Your correspondent called on T. J. Andrews one day last week. We found in and around Mr. Andrews' buildings five hundred barrels of apples. Mr. Andrews has one of the best apple orchards in this part of the county.

R. N. Stetson has bought a nice pair of 3-year-old steers.

Ada D. Heath, who has been sick at Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Lunt's, has so far recovered from her recent sickness as to be able to ride home Sunday, October 21st.

C. M. Packard wants one ton of wool at 14 cents a pound.

C. L. Heath rode out Sunday.

L. B. Andrews and wife were at Mr. Ryerson's Sunday.

Capt. G. M. Small has been poorly with a bad cold.

P. B. Adkins and family from South Paris were at E. A. Harlow's Sunday.

We have a few more of those cider barrels at $1.75 each.

The body of Miss Lelia Andrews, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Andrews, arrived home from the West Wednesday afternoon.

R. N. Stetson has bought a nice pair of 3-year-old steers of C. W. Ryerson of Norway.

BETHEL.

Wesley Woodbury and young son Robert of Pottsville, Penn., are the guests of Hon. E. W. Woodbury.

Gilbert Tuell and Irving French are in Berlin working at the carpenter's trade.

Perkins' Jubilee Singers appeared before a small audience in Odeon Hall last Thursday evening. The entertainment seemed to please those who attended.

The New Orleans Jubilee Singers gave a fine concert in the church Friday evening. The audience room was crowded with an enthusiastic company which showed their appreciation of each selection.

The Bethel Chair Company has purchased a large amount of stumpage of birch, spruce, and hard wood of Elias Thomas of Portland on land near Bethel, and will operate this winter. The lumber taken from the land by the company will all be manufactured at the mill in Bethel.

The steam heating apparatus has been removed from Cole Block, owned by the Bethel Savings Bank, and Portland portable furnaces put in. Four furnaces have been placed in the basement.

The case, well-known and much discussed in this vicinity, of Kilborn vs. the United Order of Pilgrim Fathers, of Lawrence, Mass., has been decided in favor of Mr. Kilborn and the insurance money paid to him by the order. In this case other relatives claimed the money and that the order could not legally pay it over to Mr. Kilborn, the beneficiary named. Judge Knowlton of Lewiston acted as attorney for the claimants and Herrick & Park of Bethel for Mr. Kilborn. The case was heard at Newburyport, Mass., in September.

Rev. Mr. Barton of the Universalist church is nicely settled in his new home recently purchased by him on Church Street, it being the place formerly owned by Miss Salome Twitchell. Mr. Barton has made many improvements on the grounds and buildings.

The Y. P. C. U of the Universalist society here are much pleased that one of the highest and most important executive offices of the state union should be given to one of their members, at the state convention held at Lewiston the first week in October. Miss Annie Frye, daughter of Judge R. A. Frye, of this place, was elected secretary of the state union. Miss Frye is peculiarly fitted for the position and will make a most efficient officer.

Mr. Fred Gordon has improved the looks of his place on Church Street much by erecting a new piazza, removing a portion of the fence on the street and some other changes.

The people of Bethel are much pained to learn of the death of Mrs. Julian F. Young of Portland. Mr. and Mrs. Young formerly resided in Bethel, and had many friends here. Mrs. Young when here took an active part in the society work of the Universalist church. Rev. Mr. Barton, her pastor here, attended the funeral at West Paris Saturday last.

ANDOVER.

Mr. O. B. Poor is making improvements on his premises by putting a cellar under his house, and needed improvements on his barn.

There is a call for heavy teams to go to Byron to work on the railroad.

A town meeting will be held Saturday to see about the roads as located by the selectmen.

The free high school at the Corner is being well attended. The teachers, Miss Weston and Miss McDowell, are giving satisfaction.

R. L. Melcher and Frank Loring went to Portland Monday to be present at the hearing of the burglary case. The parties were bound over to await the December term of court.

Mrs. Cassie Poor has a most lovely oleander. For beauty and fragrance it is unsurpassed. It has 17 clusters of buds and blossoms, and stands about eight feet high, a remarkable growth for less than five years. Who has a better one?

FRYEBURG.

Miss Alice L. Locke is teaching in the model school at Farmington.

Mrs. Hattie Putnam of Worcester, Mass., is visiting relatives in town.

Mrs. W. R. Tarbox is in Boston for a few weeks.

John Weston's crop of potatoes is 4000 bushels.

The C. L. S. C. has re-organized with the following officers:

President, Mrs. Frank Locke.
Vice-President, Mrs. M. B. Barker.
Secretary, A. F. Lewis.

English history is the study of the present year.

Among the townspeople who took advantage of the recent excursion to Boston were Mrs. A. H. Evans and daughter and Mrs. T. L. Eastman.

Mr. George B. Barrows and Mrs. Barrows have gone to Boston for the winter.

There will be a meeting of the village improvement society in the New Church vestry next Thursday evening at 7:30.

Miss Cora Southard has been with her sister, Mrs. Eckley Ballard.

Mary Woodward is in Portland.

The "Academy Bell" makes its appearance in a new cover.

Caroline Dana Howe of Portland was at Mrs. M. A. Randall's this week.

The Oxford will close for the winter on Nov. 1.

Officers of West Oxford Agricultural Society:

President, M. M. Smart, Fryeburg.
Vice President, A. R. Jenness, Fryeburg.
Secretary, T. L. Eastman, Fryeburg.
Treasurer, W. R. Tarbox, Fryeburg.

TRUSTEES.

John Weston, Fryeburg.
J. A. Jones, Fryeburg.
H. Guptill, Porter.
C. F. Smith, Denmark.
J. W. Perkins, Brownfield.
T. F. Dresser, Stow.
John S. Ames, Sweden.
G. W. Walker, Lovell.
E. C. Goubi, Hiram.
A. R. Jenness, Agent.

Voted to build a large grand stand with dining room, also to improve track and grounds.

HEBRON.

Rev. Mr. Lawrence of Buckfield preached here Sunday in exchange with Dr. Crane.

Hebron Grange celebrated their 20th anniversary Wednesday. Programme as follows:

Music.
Roll call of charter members.
Speeches by charter members.
Music. S. P. Cushman.
Reading, H. A. Cushman.
Song, Abbie Hibbs.
Reading, Mrs. S. Bartlett.
Grange History,
Music. Fred Marshall.
Declamation,
Music.

Dinner was served in the hall before the exercises. Mrs. Rebecca Cushman the oldest member was present. The day was enjoyed by all.

Charles H. Turner has been to Boston on a visit.

The Hebrons were defeated by Colby University Wednesday 21 to 4. The boys played a hard game as at the end of the first half the score stood 4 to 4, but the beef of the college men told in the last half.

STOW.

Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Fifield celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage October 13th. They had a number of very pretty as well as useful presents. There were seventeen present to dinner and thirty-six to supper.

LOVELL.

A party of fifteen went from here Monday on the excursion to Boston.

Mr. Gardner Rankin of Hiram was here on business Wednesday.

Charles Fitch of Sebago has two men in town putting up apples.

C. M. Farrington is having a hard time with a felon on his finger.

Mr. Daniel Coffin of Turner is visiting in town.

SWEDEN.

Mr. Erving Maxwell and his sister Lena have taken a trip to Peabody, Mass.

Mr. Herbert Taylor, after spending a short vacation at Mr. J. A. Young's, has returned to Lynn, and was accompanied by his daughter, Miss Lottie Taylor.

Miss Ida Ellis is at Mr. S. L. Plummer's.

Little James Plummer, who has been very sick, is recovering.

Mrs. J. W. Chute has returned from her trip to Brighton, Mass.

Mrs. George Ellis, who has been an invalid for several years, is somewhat improved in health.

BUCKFIELD.

At the oat race on East Branch track on Saturday, the 20th, Fred Bennett's horse was the winner.

Mrs. W. E. Pike visited friends in Lewiston several days last week.

Rev. A. R. Crane, D. D., of Hebron, preached at the Baptist church Sunday, October 21st, in exchange with Pastor Lawrence.

Work on the old church has begun.

Ira Ames is quite ill.

Miss Lottie Forster of Portland has been in town this week.

Dr. A. E. Cole and wife of Winthrop were in town Wednesday.

Stanley Bisbee, Esq., and wife, of Rumford Falls, were in town the 24th inst.

Mrs. C. H. Prince visited Waterville friends this week.

Bank Examiner Whitten and wife of Augusta are visiting their Buckfield friends.

A quiet wedding at the residence of C. C. Spaulding Wednesday morning was the social event of the week, when Miss Sadie A. Crommett was united in wedlock to Mr. Nathan E. Morrill, by Rev. Chas. T. Ogden of Woodfords, under Episcopal forms. Miss Crommett is the daughter of Mrs. C. C. Spaulding and has resided several years in Caribou where she has many friends as well as at home. Mr. Morrill is the son of the late Isaac C. Morrill and is a respected young farmer. The young couple left for Boston and vicinity for a wedding tour and will be at home after November 10th.

Wedding cards announce the marriage of Miss Lizzie A. Morrill and Mr. Frank W. Vaughan in Franklin, Mass., on the 24th inst. Miss Morrill is the oldest daughter of the late Horace Morrill of Buckfield and has been residing in Massachusetts several years, where she met and captured the man of her choice. That coming years may be happy ones to the twain is the wish of her many Buckfield friends.

LAST CALL.

Friends of the old church on the hill: Send in your subscriptions, if not more than fifty cents. It was the widow's mite, etc., and you shall see when you visit us next summer, a sight worth seeing.

GAME STORIES.

Bath Times: The last count made at Merrymeeting bay showed 111 1-4 gunners to every bird.

George Whitehouse caught a bear Wednesday in an old orchard near A. S. Kendall's in Lovell.

It is quite a common thing for trains on the Bangor and Aroostook road to be obliged to whistle deer off the track.

One morning recently Mr. John Farrington of Lovell visited his traps and brought in nothing except two foxes, a coon and a mink.

The most successful day's hunting up to date is that of Fred R. Smith of Pittsfield, who one day recently shot 27 partridges, 2 woodcock, 14 squirrels and a fox.

Silas Littlehale while hunting near Chapman Brook, Bethel, last week, got one foot into a bear trap and with difficulty released himself. The teeth entered the flesh but no serious results have followed as yet.

One train recently carried through Portland, out of Maine, the carcasses of ten deer, a moose and a bear. They belonged to a Haverhill party. The moose weighed 1200 pounds and had a spread of antlers of six feet and two inches.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript admits that Maine is, particularly this season, a sportsman's paradise, but adds the pertinent inquiry how long the game is going to stand such wholesale slaughter as it is undergoing this fall.

Country market men are not at all partial to the open season for game, as it means the loss to them of a large amount of business. In many districts where during close time they make several trips a week, they now only go once a week, the people depending upon the venison supply almost entirely.

Sporting papers generally condemn the "hunting matches" common at this season as resulting in the indiscriminate slaughter of birds and beasts, valuable and valueless in the same category. But what is there commendable about hunting for sport, in a "match," individually, or under any circumstances?

Last week A. J. Blake and Josiah Heath of Gilead each captured a bear in their orchards, fine looking specimens, and George Mason caught a small one in George Burnham's orchard. Foxes are the game most in demand now, and some very pretty specimens have been bagged by successful hunters.

Gunning on a bicycle is the latest. Frank Bradish, one of Eastport's best wheelmen, started the other day on his bike for Perry, carrying a gun. About seven miles out, he espied two partridges near the roadside some distance ahead. One of them, it is reported, he shot without dismounting, and the other was soon secured.

A most remarkable coon story comes from York County. As Mr. William Warren of Lyman was playing home from Biddeford one day last week he heard the sound of coons in the woods near the road. He got out of the team and found eight coons playing together on the ground. He drove four of them into a tree, went home and got a gun, came back and killed all four.

Lion Daniels, the Portland taxidermist, in the course of a week received eighteen bear skins to be made into rugs for their owners. Seven of them came from the Swift River region, three from the vicinity of Bethel, and most of the others from other sections of Oxford County. Oxford is still Bruin's native heath. Mr. Daniels has so far this season received the heads of twenty-eight deer to be mounted.

What becomes of the deer and moose horns that are shed annually in the Maine woods?" was the question debated by a number of hunters up Moosehead way the other day. The men all had spent much time in the woods regions, and only one of them had ever come across even a remnant of the discarded forest headgear. He once found a portion of an antler that bore evidence of having been gnawed and partly eaten. The verdict rendered by the debaters was: The hedgehogs eat the deer and moose horns.

Chas. H. Davis and Oscar Swan chose eleven men each for a hunt at Bethel, to take place last Tuesday; owing to rain the affair was continued until Thursday. The final count gave Swan's side 16000 points and Davis' 10000. Bernie Barker of Swan's party got the largest amount of game, amounting to over 4000 points. The winning side enjoyed a free oyster supper in the Corps rooms Saturday evening. The Woman's Relief Corps furnished the supper and the profits went towards a good cause. Over forty tickets were sold.

Sunday, the 21st, five young men visited their bear traps in Chapman's apple orchard, only about two miles from Bethel, and to their surprise found one contained a cub. Not having any guns with them they went for the young bear with poles. His cries soon brought the old bear, who made her appearance standing erect on her hind legs and made for the boys. Realizing their danger they darted down the hill, the bear following close at their heels. They had barely time to reach an old barn and close the door, when Madame Bruin came rushing against it. Well, the boys said the frail door trembled and squeaked on its hinges, but one of the boys placed the wooden bar across it, and thus it withstood the shock. Old Bruin remained about several hours watching the door, and finally walked slowly off to the woods.

The Kennebec Journal says it is not generally known that W. F. Adams, the present town clerk at Litchfield, about 40 years of age, is short between $1200 and $1600, or rather cannot account for that amount called for according to the books during the time that he served as town collector in 1892 and 1893. He notified his bondsmen that he was behind or could not discover what he had done with the taxes to that amount, and they are looking over the books. At present he is in Massachusetts, but is expected to return soon.

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In order to reduce our stock to make room for holiday goods, we shall during the next few days offer regardless of cost, a line of

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Reasonable Prices.

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A TEST OF BEAUTY.

Only the Fairest and Freshest Faces can Stand it.

Next time that you go to a party, watch some of the women as they stand under the chandeliers. Notice how a light shining from above brings out unsuspected lines and angles in all but the youngest and freshest faces. It is a severe test of beauty.

Perhaps you will wonder at the number of thin, lanky women. They all want to be plump. Why are they not? They get enough to eat, surely. Oh, yes, but they don't digest their food, and there's no fire without consumption of fuel. A pre-digested food called Paskola is welcomed by these women. They find in it flesh forming properties.

They are told that it is nourishment, not medicine, and that its good effects are lasting. Such letters as this one tell the story:

"Gentlemen—For the past five years I have suffered from gastric indigestion and have tried all so-called remedies for indigestion, besides courses of treatment from physicians all over the country, from which I received only temporary relief. My symptoms were heartburn, flushes of heat, dizziness, bloated feeling after eating, depression of spirits, severe and acute attacks of cramps and inflammation and chronic constipation.

"About two months ago, I resolved to give Paskola a trial, although without any faith in it, owing to my past experience with so-called remedies for indigestion. After taking one small bottle of Paskola, I felt better, very much better. I have now taken only seven small bottles, and have never felt better in my life. I have gained ten pounds and now eat anything my appetite craves. All my friends say, "Why, how fat and well you look; what have you been doing?" My answer is always "Paskola." A friend of mine has taken only three small bottles and says she feels like a new woman. This may seem rather fulsome praise, but I conscientiously feel that I cannot say too much in praise of Paskola.

Yours respectfully,

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It ABSOLUTELY prevents slipping, and insures perfect safety and comfort to horse and driver.

Shod with the "Neverslip," your horse's feet are always in good condition—kept so by not having to constantly remove the shoes for sharpening.

The CALKS are REMOVABLE,

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When worn out new Calks can be easily inserted without removing shoes, saving an immense amount of time usually lost at the blacksmith shop.

On receipt of postal we will mail free our descriptive circular containing prices of Calked Shoes, ready to be nailed on, for trial, offered this winter at very low prices.

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it WILL cure all Blood Disorder, drive away all traces of cancerous and scrofulous humors (or Consumption, which is a form of Scrofula), Stomach, Liver, and Kidney Diseases. Therefore

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is the medicine for you to take.

Its ingredients are purely those supplied by Nature for the cure of these diseases, and the knowledge thereof is the result of the accumulated medical knowledge of over twelve centuries. It is medicine, all medicine, and nothing but medicine. We guarantee it to cure, and back of it are

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Sold by all druggists. Full pint bottle, $1.00; 6 bottles, $5.00.

CLOVER MEDICINE CO. AUGUSTA, ME.

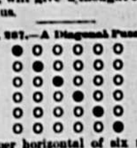
THE RIDDLER

No. 286.—Borrowed Letters.

HE NIVERSE RANGE OR LIE — SUN SUN TIM — HAT OR THOUGHT ARE

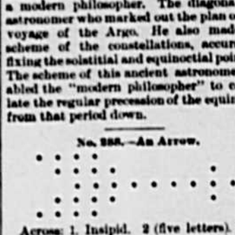
Return the borrowed letters from the center to the side columns—one letter to each word. When this is done correctly, the words, read down the columns in regular order, will give a thought from Marcus Aurelius.

No. 287.—A Diagonal Puzzle.



The upper horizontal of six represents the name of one of the blue lights which appeared and twinkled on the masthead during the terrible gale which tossed the Argo. Modern sailors call this and the twin blue light, "The Fires of St. Elmo." The second, a country where Jason landed and found the seaport infested with harpies. The third, the rank of Jason. The fourth, the means employed by Medea to deliver Jason when seizing the golden Fleece, and on many other occasions. The fifth, guarded the golden fleece. The sixth, a modern philosopher. The diagonal, an astronomer who marked out the plan of the voyage of the Argo. He also made "a scheme of the constellations, accurately fixing the solstitial and equinoctial points." The scheme of this ancient astronomer enabled the "modern philosopher" to calculate the regular precession of the equinoxes from that period down.

No. 288.—An Arrow.



Across: 1. Insipid. 2 (five letters). Tapestry. 3 (nine letters). A noted marksman with the arrow. 4 (five letters). An anthem. 5. Steers wildly.

Downward: 1 (Two letters). A word of blame. 2 (four letters). A priest of Tibet. 3. A pointed weapon. 4. Hurries. 5 (three letters). A nickname. 6 (three letters). A drunkard.

No. 289.—Illustrated Words.

From the letters in the word represented by the center object make other words as shown by the surrounding objects.

No. 290.—Numerical Enigma.

My whole, composed of 29 letters, is a quotation from Coleridge.

My 16, 24, 1, 22, 18, 20, 12, 26, 8, 14, 10, 2 was an American statesman.

My 3, 9, 25, 29, 13, 19, 21, 11, 17 is a sovereign.

My 8, 27, 7 is one skilled in repartee.

My 28, 6, 4 is to strive for superiority.

My 2, 15 is a prefix.

No. 291.—Anagrams.

A famous artificer:

BEN CUT NO EVIL LINE.

No. 292.—Charade.

My first is part of a little child's apron.

My second is the most interesting thing in the world.

My third is a harmonious body.

My whole is complete in itself, and yet but one half of my third.

No. 293.—Double Acrostic.

My initials and finals, read downward, will give the names of two famous artists. 1. Common. 2. A girl's name. 3. A short sleep. 4. Deepness. 5. Yes. 6. A part of the body. 7. A fish.

How High Is the Hat?

Request any person to mark upon the wall the exact height of an ordinary silk hat, supposing the hat to be placed on its crown on the floor. Exhibit the hat before its height is marked. It will be curious to observe how entirely different are the ideas of half a dozen persons upon the subject—the greater number marking high enough for two or three hats.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 277.—Progressive Enigma: Marathon.

No. 278.—Illustrated Rebus: Butter and eggs.

No. 279.—A Zigzag: Sir Edwin Landseer. Crosswords: 1. Shed. 2. file. 3. folk. 4. sirE. 5. daDo. 6. eWer. 7. Inch. 8. aNon. 9. foLd. 10. areA. 11. siNk. 12. aIds. 13. Sign. 14. aEre. 15. frEt. 16. moOR.

No. 280.—A Geographical Letter:

DEAR CONSTANCE—Yesterday we went to the zoo and saw a reindeer and a very large lizard. I bought a packet of needles this morning. We are a very large family just now, as Aunt Florence and cousins are staying with us. Aunt has a very nice dog, and when we say, "Down, Patrick," he immediately obeys. We are having very fair weather for May. Please give my love to Ben Nevis and accept the same from your affectionate cousin,

AUGUSTA.

No. 281.—Word Building: 1. I, is, sin, sign, rings, eroins, rousing, scouring, carousing. 2. it, or, roe, roE, voter, covert coveter, corvette.

No. 282.—Double Acrostic: Bookworm 1. Bow. 2. Octavo. 3. Oar. 4. Kingdom

No. 283.—Easy Word Squares:

C	A	R	B	E
A	D	A	R	A
R	A	T	E	R
B	E	E	R	S
E	R	A	S	E

C	A	N	A	L
A	P	E	R	T
N	E	T	S	E
A	R	S	E	S
L	T	E	S	T

No. 284.—Transposition Puzzle: Initials Newbury—N-ottingham. E-vreux. W-erra. B-arnstaple. U-cayale. R-owena. Y-okohama.

No. 285.—Anagrams: 1. Great Marquis. 2. Happy Valley. 3. Great Heart.

COFFEE WON THE RACE.

How a Maine Horse was Able to Defeat a Strong Competitor Near All.

At the Kennebunk races in Augusta, Maine, an exciting race took place between Hanson's famous son Haley and a well-known flyer named Gen. Briggs. Haley was suffering from Grip eye, and after winning two heats he lost two, but was saved by giving Briggs a quart of coffee, which his owner thought was a better and safer plan than the usual drugging with whiskey, which is held to be dangerous.

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HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

Correspondence on topics of interest to the ladies is solicited. Address: EDITOR HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN, Oxford Democrat, Paris, Maine.

BENEFITS OF GARGLING.

If people would wash out their mouths twice or three times a day with an antiseptic solution there would not be near so much sickness. In the last ten years I have never had a cold, sore throat or fever, and I ascribe this immunity solely to the fact that I follow this plan rigidly. There are any number of proprietary antiseptics that are excellent for this purpose, but many more simple agents that are as good or better. One of the best of the latter is carbolic acid. A very weak solution of this gargled and held in the mouth two or three times a day will work wonders. Immediately after using one will find that the mouth feels cleaner. I believe that a great majority of the common throat and lung troubles come from the lodgment of disease microbes within the mucous membranes of the mouth. The free use of antiseptics will kill these germs.

SMOOTH FACES.

There would be fewer wrinkles on the human face if one would only correct oneself of the bad habit of knitting the brows, which plants indelibly certain little lines between the two eyebrows. Raising the eyebrows apropos of nothing and everything is a thing for which one pays with long, horizontal lines across the forehead, which ages a person at least ten years; an artificial stereotyped smile prints two long lines from the nose to the corners of the mouth. To remain late at night poring over novels digs around the eyes those terrible crow's feet which disfigure the prettiest face. Those who laugh much have small wrinkles on the cheek and around the mouth, which are often thought not unpleasant; and we must not interfere with these, for gayness is a virtue to be cultivated, and not avoided.

A NEW RECIPE.

One of the lecturers before the Baltimore Cooking School recently gave this recipe for cooking a husband, which it is safe to say has never before appeared in any book on cookery:

A good many husbands are utterly spoiled by mismanagement. Some women go about as if their husbands were balloons, and blow them up. Others keep them constantly in hot water, others let them freeze by indifference and carelessness. Some keep them in a stew by irritating ways and words. Others roast them. Some keep them in pickle all their lives. It cannot be supposed that any husband will be tender and good if managed in this way, but they are really delicious when properly treated.

In selecting your husband do not go to market for him, as the best are always brought to your door. It is far better to have none, unless you will patiently learn how to govern him. See that the linen in which you wrap him is properly washed and mended, with the required number of buttons and strings tightly sewed on. Tie him in the kettle by a strong silk cord called "comfort," as the one called "duty" is apt to be weak. They are apt to fall out of the kettle and be burned and crusty on the edges, since like crabs and lobsters, you have to cook them while alive. If he sputters and fusses do not be anxious—some husbands do this until they are called done. Add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call kisses, but no vinegar or pepper, on any account. A little spice improves them, but it must be used with judgment. Do not stick any sharp instrument into him to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently, watching the while lest he adhere to the kettle, and so become useless. You cannot fail to know when he is done.

If this treatment is closely followed you will find him all that is desirable; but do not be careless with him and keep him in too cool a place.

IT IS WELL TO REMEMBER

That a handful of iron tacks are good to clean out bottles and fruit cans. Half fill the jars with soap suds, then add the tacks and shake.

That it is safer to use them than shot, as the latter may leave a poison deposit.

That newspapers should be saved for kitchen use, to wipe the stove, to polish the teakettle, to wipe the flat irons, doubled to place under a hot kettle or hot dish we wish to place on the table.

That two or three spread on the floor in front of table, stove and sink on baking day saves the floor, and they can be burned up when through with, taking the dust with them.

That a box in a kitchen or a drawer or shelf in the cupboard will hold paper bags, also the strings, and they will be found useful many times.

FOR THE CANARY'S COLD.

People would hardly think of giving a canary bird whiskey, but when a bird falls ill and loses its voice, the probability is that it has taken cold. Canary birds take cold very easily and have pneumonia, pleurisy and consumption just like human beings. When the bird droops, a few drops of whiskey and rock candy given at intervals of an hour will often effect a complete cure. Only a couple of drops can be given at a time, or the canary will become tipsy and fall about the cage like a drunken man, but the treatment is the best possible for a canary with a cold.

RECIPES.

APPLE JELLY WITHOUT SUGAR.—Select juicy, white-fleshed, sub-acid fruit, perfectly sound and mature but not mellow. Wash well, slice and core without removing the skins, and cook till soft. Drain off the juice, filter it through a piece of cheese cloth. Then put the juice on to boil, cooking rapidly at first but more gently as it thickens. The time required will vary with the quantity of juice, the shallowness of the dish in which it is boiled and the heat employed. One hour at least will be required for two quarts of juice. When the juice has become somewhat evaporated test it frequently by dipping a few drops on a plate to cool, and when it jellies sufficiently remove at once from the fire. Two quarts of juice will make about one-half pint of jelly. Such jelly, however, has a most delicious flavor.

SWEET PICKLE FOR PEARS, PEACHES, PLUMS AND CHERRIES.—To six pounds of fruit allow three pounds of sugar and one pint of vinegar, one-half ounce of whole cloves and the same of stick cinnamon. Prepare the fruit as for preserving. Make a syrup of the sugar and vinegar with spices. Put the fruit into a stone jar, pour over it the syrup and let stand, covered, for two days. Then put over the fire in preserving kettle and cook slowly till the fruit is done, but not long enough to let the skin peel off. Skim out carefully and put back into jar. Boil the syrup down till quite thick and pour over the fruit. Sweet apples are very good prepared in this way.

PRESERVED QUINCES.—Use the orange quinces. Wipe, pare, quarter and remove all the core and the hard part under the core. Take an equal weight of sugar. Cover the quinces with cold water and let them come slowly to a boil. Skim, and when nearly soft put one quarter of the sugar on the top, but do not stir. When this boils add another part of the sugar and continue until all the sugar is in the kettle. Let them boil until the color you like, either light or dark.

QUINCE JELLY.—Clean thoroughly good sound fruit and slice thin. Put into a double boiler with one cup of water for each five pounds of fruit, and cook until softened. Express the juice and proceed as with other jellies, allowing three-fourths of a pound of sugar to each pint of juice. Tart or sweet apples may be used with quinces in equal proportions, and make a jelly of more pleasant flavor than quinces used alone. The seeds of quinces contain considerable gelatinous substance and should be cooked with the quince for jelly making.

Miss Margaret Tupper, a sister of the once famous Martin Tupper, died suddenly in London the other day of heart disease. She was an artist of some repute and was fifty-six years old.

After ironing linen place it near the fire or in the sun until perfectly dry, as the garments will be much stiffer than if left to dry slowly. This hint is especially useful with collars, cuffs and petticoats.

OUT-DOOR NOTES.

Among the many forms of athletic exercise which are being advocated at present, the good old one of walking seems to have suffered neglect. We all practise it to some degree, and yet few of us enough. The very fact of its being a common thing of our every day life has made people overlook its value. Like no other exercise, it can be enjoyed by the poor as well as the rich, and, if taken in moderation, by the weak as well as the strong. Not every girl or woman can play tennis, ride a horse or a bicycle, or attend a gymnasium, but any one, old or young, who is not a cripple and is in ordinary health, can walk. Regular brisk walking in the open air would be the best medicine in the world for many ills, imaginary and otherwise, to which women are subject. In fact, physicians prescribe systematic walks of reasonable length as a part of their treatment in many cases, and it is generally the hardest part to make the patient obey.

City and country women alike neglect to walk, though for somewhat different reasons. I think that, on the whole, those in the cities deserve less to be accused, although it was a city girl who said recently that she did not go out to walk for two or three weeks unless obliged to in order to do some errand. In these days, when car lines run to every part of the city and will take us so quickly and easily wherever we wish to go, it is a great temptation to most people to ride. The notorious and unfortunate American habit of hurrying is often responsible for it; for we look at our watches, think how much time we should lose by walking, and decide that we cannot afford it. In most cases it would be not loss but gain.

But in the country, where in pleasant weather it is a positive delight simply to be out-of-doors, the small amount of walking done by the women is almost incredible. The family generally keep at least one horse, and if they live on a large farm, probably several. It does not take five minutes to "hitch up," and wherever they are going, be it only half a mile, they always drive. Or, if they are living in a village, perhaps they do not own a horse. Then when the morning housework is finished, the girls sit down and sew or read, or perhaps run in to see a neighbor a few doors off. All this is pleasant and well enough, but it should not prevent their taking a good walk every afternoon, if they would only be convinced of the benefit to be obtained therefrom. The argument that house work furnishes sufficient exercise will not hold good. It is valuable in its place, but work performed inside the house, often over a hot fire and in close rooms, is a very different thing from walking in the fresh air, and cannot be made to do instead of it. We often hear it said that city girls are apt to look rosier and healthier than their country sisters, and where that is true it is due to the in-door life of many women in villages and on the outlying farms.—Harper's Bazar.

BURIED ALIVE.

W. K. Moorehead, a geologist, was recently buried alive while excavating a mound of the mound builders in Ohio. He fell with his head resting a little above his feet, and suffered little beyond a sensation of strong compression due to the weight of the earth, which pressed the buttons of his light costume into the skin, and caused his watch chain to mark his body. The pressure of the soil on his straw hat caused him to feel as if the skin of his brow were cut. A knife in his pocket seemed to burn into the flesh, and finally his backbone seemed slowly to break. Then he became insensible to pain, though still able to think. His thoughts succeeded each other like flashes of lightning, and related to the past, the future and his home. He did not think of his condition, except to wonder if he would be able to breathe when he was taken out of it. He tried to move his hand, even his finger, but failed. He could not lift his chest, and the only part of his body he could move was his lower jaw, which clods permitted to be done. He remembered how warm the earth before his face had become when the breath was pressed from his lungs. He kept his mouth shut to exclude the earth, but after a time it opened in spite of him, and two pieces of clay entered and caused him a horrible sensation in trying to eject them. He felt that he was lost, and became indifferent. The workmen who were digging him out cleared the earth from his face and eyes; but when they stopped a little, the pressure on the rest of his body drove the blood to his head and swelled the veins so that he was afraid they would burst. Moreover, he could not breathe yet, because the thorax was still compressed by the soil. He never lost consciousness, and as the men carried him away he saw a little yellow canary sitting on a spray, and heard it sing. As the bird flew off, he fancied that he was flying after it and perching on one twig or another just as it did. The sky seemed of a different color than usual, it also seemed grander, and the country more beautiful, and he was so much affected by the wondrous beauty of the spectacle as to shed tears.—Science Siftings.

BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.

They were performers in amateur theatricals. During the progress of the play at one time, while their presence was not needed on the stage, they sat together behind the scenes. She looked beautiful, indeed, in old-fashioned gown and powdered hair, and he, in court costume of more than a century ago, was the beau ideal of a cavalier.

For some time he had been very attentive to her, and, although people had frequently remarked upon his devotion, he had not come to the point of proposing. But as they sat behind the scenes he felt that an opportune moment had arrived.

"Marie," he said, "you may not have perceived my liking, but I cannot delay. I—I want to ask you to—to be—"

Just then the prompter called the girl's name, but she never stirred.

"That's your cue," faltered the interrupted lover.

"Yes," she answered, calmly enough, laying her head on his arm, "but never mind the cue. You seemed very earnest just now, and I want you to go on. What were you going to say?"

A criminal about to be executed said good-by to the prison chaplain and to the wardens, then shook hands with the executioner, but to the reporters he merely nodded, saying, "I'll see you journalists later on."

She. "Do you like babies?" He. "Yes, when they have grown up."

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache. 25 cents.

Brown—"Jones seems to be working hard for the nomination." Smith—"I should say so. Just published his fourth letter stating that he is not a candidate."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Fond Mother—"If you children don't behave yourselves better, you shan't have a bit of that nice sweet medicine to-night."

Salt Rheum often appears in cold weather, attacking the palms of the hands and other parts of the body. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, cures salt rheum.

Maud. "How do you define love?" Marie. "Love is the life of illusions." Maud. "And what is marriage?" Marie. "Oh, marriage is the death of them."

IMPORTANT FACTS.

If you have a dull and heavy pain across the forehead and about the eyes; if the nostrils are frequently stopped up and followed by a disagreeable discharge; if soreness in the nose and bleeding from the nostrils is often experienced; if you are very sensitive to cold in the head accompanied with headache; then you may be sure you have catarrh; and should immediately resort to Ely's Cream Balm for a cure. The remedy will give instant relief.

Fairport Harbor, Lake Co., Ohio.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N.Y.:

Mrs. Lewis.

Gentlemen—I cannot tell you how my wife has improved since she began the use of your "Favorite Prescription," coupled with "G. M. D." She has no more trouble with falling of the womb, and she never feels any pain unless she stands too long. She has no bearing-down pains since she began the use of your remedies. She does nearly all of her own housework now, but before she commenced taking your remedies, she could hardly walk across the room.

I do not know how to thank you for all the good your remedies have done her, for the best doctors had given her case up as incurable.

Yours truly, ALFRED LEWIS.

PIERCE Guarantees a CURE OR MONEY RETURNED.

SAVINGS

Deposited with the CHAPMAN NATIONAL BANK of Portland, Maine, begin to draw interest promptly.

INTEREST Credited three times a year—February, June and October.

RATE, FOUR PER CENT.

Deposits invited from all. Large and small amounts received. Everybody welcome.

CHAPMAN NATIONAL BANK, PORTLAND.

This brand of flour will make from forty to sixty pounds more bread to the barrel than flour made from winter wheat.

YOUR GROCER KEEPS IT.

BROWN & JOSSELYN State Agents, Portland.

FOR SALE,

Or, Exchange for a Farm.

The subscriber will sell or exchange for a farm, the following properties:

The house, stable and lot, known as the Hersey property, opposite the Congregational church, and the "Howe" store and lot near the railroad station, all in the village corporation of South Paris.

For further particulars call at the house or address me at South Paris, Maine.

ALBION HERSEY.

BOYS and GIRLS We give FREE the following PREMIUMS:

With 5 lbs. Tea, Solid Gold Ring.
" 5 " " King Air Rifle.
" 10 " " Solid Gold Stone Ring.
" 12 " " Camera.
" 20 " " 10 pcs. Toilet Set.
" 25 " " Silver Watch.
" 40 " " 112 pcs. Decorated Dinner Set.
" 75 " " Bicycle.

Send for 80 page catalogue. Free by mail.

G. A. FOLSOM & CO., 192 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.

GREAT CHINA TEA CO. GIVES AWAY Bicycles, Lace Curtains, Watches, Tennis Rackets, Ladies' Rocks, Photographic Cameras, Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Violins, Banjos, Guitars, Library Lamps, and a hundred other articles. Anyone can receive the dealers' profit in cash or premiums. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue and get up a TEA CLUB.

210 State Street, Boston, Mass.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

AND CONSUMPTIVE

Use Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cures the worst Coughs, Weak Lungs, Incipient Consumption, Pain. Take in time. 50c.

MINDERORNS. The only sure cure for Corns. Ingrid 15c. at Druggists, or HISCOX & CO., N. Y.

ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALSAM CURES COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, HAY FEVER AND ALL DISEASES LEADING TO CONSUMPTION

Regular Sizes 35¢ & 75¢

ASTHMA—CURED DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE never fails; send us your address, we will prove it free. Small trial bottle FREE. The DR. TAFT BROS. M. Co., Rochester, N.Y.

CUT THIS OUT.

RHEUMATISM including Acute, Muscular, Chronic, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, and all KIDNEY DISEASES Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, Bloody and Scalding Urine, Obstinate Cases that have defied all other treatments Yield to This. Constipation and Piles. Address for 10 days trial, DR. R. E. WILLIAMS, Hopkins & Tremont Sts., Boston.

NON-RESIDENT TAXES,

In the Plantation of Milton, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, for the year 1893.

The following list of taxes on real estate of non-resident owners in the plantation of Milton, for the year 1893, in bills committed to A. J. Woodward, collector of taxes of said plantation, on the seventeenth day of August, A. D. 1893, has been returned by him to me as remaining unpaid on the 13th day of Aug., A. D. 1894, by his certificate of that date and now remain unpaid; and notice is hereby given that if the said taxes, interest and charges are not paid into the treasury of said plantation within eighteen months from the date of the commitment of said bills, so much of the real estate taxed as will be sufficient to pay the amount due therefor, including interest and charges, will without further notice be sold at public auction at the Treasurer's office in said plantation on the 21st day of February, 1895, at one o'clock in the afternoon.

Names of non resident owners.	Description of real estate.	No. of lot according to Greenwood's survey.	Value.	Tax.
Estes, Charles,	timber land,	60	$150	$3 00
Richardson, Dr.,	or unknown, pasture and timber land,	41	50	1 00
Richardson, Dr.,	or unknown, pasture and timber land,	42	100	2 00
Carter, S. R.,	or unknown, mining and timber lot east of W. F. Harding's,	43	100	2 00
McCrillis, Charles,	fifty acres timber land south of Rumford line, bounded on the east by Hubbites land,	50	1 00	
Coffin, D. A.,	about 70 acres, bounded on the north by land owned by Jeff Jackson, on the east by land owned by Mrs. Edwin Doughty; on the south and west by land owned by Mrs. Edwin Andrews and M. L. Richardson,	165	2 50	

HENRY DAVIS, Treasurer of Milton Plantation.

Milton Plantation, Oct. 15, 1894.

NOTICE.

My wife, Anna B. Merrill, having left my bed and board without justifiable cause, all persons are hereby forbidden to trust her on my account as I shall pay no bills of her contracting after this date.

CHARLES MERRILL.

Bankhold, Me., Oct. 6, 1894.

E. W. CHANDLER,

Builders' Finish!

I will furnish DOORS and WINDOWS of any Size or Style at reasonable prices.

Also Window & Door Frames.

If in want of any kind of Finish for Inside or Outside work, send in your orders. Pine Lumber and Shingles on hand Cheap for Cash.

Planing, Sawing and Job Work.

E. W. CHANDLER,

West Sumner, - - - Maine.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of Oct., A. D. 1894.

Lucy B. Farrar, named Executor in a certain Instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of ABIGAIL E. FULLER, late of Hartford, in said County, deceased, having presented the same for Probate:

ORDERED, That the said petitioner give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of Nov. next, at 9 of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have, why the said Instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased, and that she be appointed executrix.

GEORGE A. WILSON, Judge.

A true copy—attest:—

ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of Oct., A. D. 1894.

On the petition of Ida M. Heald, widow of JOSIAH HEALD, late of Lovell in said county, deceased, praying that her dower may be set out to her from the real estate of said deceased:

ORDERED, that the said petitioner give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the third Tuesday of Nov. next, at nine of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. A. WILSON, Judge.

A true copy—attest:—

ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

By virtue of a license from the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Cumberland, and State of Maine, the undersigned administrators of the estate of Francis H. Whitman, late of Harrison, in the County of Cumberland, will sell at public or private sale at the office of Kimball & Son, Norway, Maine, on Saturday the seventeenth day of November, A. D. 1894, at 10 A. M.

All the right which the said Francis H. Whitman at the time of his decease had in and to the following described real estate, to wit: The said Whitman's homestead in Harrison, aforesaid, known as the Reuben Hobbs farm containing about s